

The Improvement Era



AUGUST 1948

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By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

ABOUT one-fifth of the world's production of 35 million tons of sugar is consumed in the United States. This is not all consumed as a food; sugar is produced in greatest quantity of any other pure organic chemical in the United States.

THE planet Mars contains about the same amount of carbon dioxide as does the earth, measurements by Dr. G. P. Kuiper have revealed. The Martian polar caps are probably ordinary snow and clouds made of water. R. J. Cushman and Wallace Wilson have similarly found considerable carbon dioxide on Venus.

A NEW magnetic material called Silmanal, composed of silver, manganese, and aluminum can be magnetized thicknesswise instead of lengthwise in a thin sheet. If a compass were made of such material and magnetized widthwise it would point east and west instead of north and south.

HALF the work done by snowplows is used in packing the snow, it has been found by Karl Croce, formerly in charge of snow research for the German State Highway System. Instead of throwing the snow with direct attack, tests show that it is more efficient to use a blade to clear a narrow lane and then lift and throw it to one side with a rotary plow.

TO keep warm at extremely low temperatures the Byrd Antarctic expedition of a year ago found a rubber suit effective. The costume is made of a close-fitting inner layer of rubber, a layer of insulation with a rubber outer layer.

PROFESSOR P.M.S. BLACKETT of the University of Manchester has recently given theoretical and observational evidence that the earth is a magnet because it spins, as is every other large spinning mass. It was believed for a considerable period that the magnetism of the earth was a result of its composition such as a core of magnetic iron. At the temperature of the earth's center it is now known that iron is no longer magnetic.



Snax

with
the
casual
meal

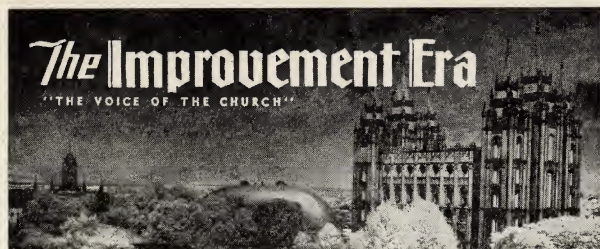
Every woman, now and then, must fix an impromptu meal . . . to be served without ceremony to hungry, unexpected guests. And that's when SNAX can be worth their weight in praise for the hostess. They glorify the simplest menu, enhancing the flavor of foods and the zest of beverages. Always have a package of SNAX at hand—those rich, golden-brown crackers with the buttery goodness and salt-tang taste.

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August
1948

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VOLUME 51
NUMBER 8

★

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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Change of Address:

Fifteen days' notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please include address slip from a recent issue of the magazine. Address changes cannot be made unless the old address as well as the new one is included.

The Cover

THE poignant history of the Mormon handcart pioneers stands unchallenged as a record of man's heroism. Mile after mile over blistering sands, hour after hour through snowy mountain passes, on foot, pulling only the most essential of their belongings, they made their heartbreaking way toward the chosen gathering place. Fortunate indeed were they if they escaped death from hunger, cold, or exhaustion. This monument to commemorate the handcart pioneers is the work of Torleif Knaphus and stands north of the Tabernacle on Temple Square. It was taken by Paul S. Brunt and adapted to cover use by Charles Jacobsen.

New Subscription Price

THE new subscription price for THE IMPROVEMENT ERA is \$2.50 a year. This rate is for subscriptions in the United States and possessions, Canada, Mexico, South America, and Central America. Subscriptions in all other countries are \$3.00 a year.

For over fifty years the price of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA was held at \$2.00 a year, sometimes under very trying conditions. Unusually high printing and operating costs made the boost in price mandatory.

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The Better World

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM

Head of Political Science Department and
Director of the Institute of Government,
University of Utah

"AUGUST 1948!" Thus endeth the third year of the atomic age, so-called, and most of us are still here. That is, those of us who haven't succumbed in advance to cancer, heart diseases, and traffic—principal causes of modern death in North America. Chances are pretty good that succeeding Augusts will find most of us more in peril from cancer, bad hearts, and traffic, than from atoms; at least for a while.

THIS line of thought raises a question and suggests some answers.

WHY do we become more concerned over the threat of atomic destruction than destruction by cancer, heart disease, traffic; or plain destruction in any form? The assumption, please observe, is that we have been more concerned. Why have so many rushed forward to save the world from atomic bombs in the face of cancer next door, heart disease across the street, stomach ulcers, alcoholism, and traffic problems nearer home? Is it a new or is it an old phenomenon?

ATOMIC DEATH, at least the sudden variety, is probably no less undesirable to an individual, than coronary thrombosis; is probably no less painful than the gnawing of cancer, even when life expires, gradually, due to atomic poison radiation. Is it possible that "social" death, mass-destruction, is more feared than "individual" death, one by one? Not in principle; we have had "social" mass-death mechanisms with us for some time. In degree, perhaps, the atomic bomb has awakened new apprehensions, but only among the calloused.

IT is among the commonest facts that one day, not long distant for any one, all meet death by one road or another. In 1948, cancer and traffic will undoubtedly prey among us more than atomic bombs.

Is the answer one of fear for the future? Fear of the unknown, the newer, strange thing? Cancer we know and see; but rarely discuss save in whispers). Traffic accidents we read

about and see pictured, and, occasionally as individuals, witness and experience. Cancer societies and traffic safety societies have risen out of the tortured experiences of our brothers and sisters who have had their loved ones, or been themselves, smitten. But the American Cancer Society and the Traffic Safety Council are not out to "save the world." They are merely trying in methodical, slow, painful ways to improve the lot of man in their respective fields.

Is the anxious rush to save the world from the atomic bomb a basic gesture or, in the course of history, merely another response of fearful man to a new danger, a new form of the old phenomenon, guilty consciences coupled with freshly-awakened concern for "salvation"?

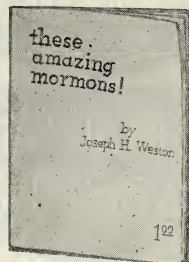
WHATEVER or however it is, it can probably be stated that men will hardly be saved from atomic terrors any more or in any different way than they are saved from anything.

A FEW, only, can and have saved us (or most of us) from the perils of smallpox, cholera, malaria, yellow fever, typhoid, darkness at night, and whatnot. Most of us have received this type of salvation without too great effort on our own part, although it has necessitated going to a clinic or a school, rolling up one's sleeve, or turning on a switch. *Maybe* salvation from atomic war can join such categories. But folk with vaccine, quinine, electric lights, and chlorine continue to die from cancer, heart disease, and traffic! At best, the day of final passing is only postponed by the prodigious labors of the few. And what of the many, with the added years and hours granted by vaccine and electric lights? More gastronomic triumphs over the stomach and kidneys? More nervous strain for the heart, more accident insurance only?

PERHAPS these times are suggesting anew that man's principal labor is still with himself, and that the better world, the ultimate goals of salvation, have to be defined *outside* of man, beyond smallpox, beyond digitals, beyond Oak Ridge, beyond divided highways and parkways, beyond the grave, in order for him to be fit company for his brother men. To *know* the only true God, and Jesus Christ who he has sent, is the *initial* means, as Jesus taught, of bringing to pass that better world in each of us, wanting development.



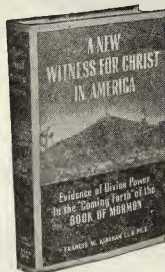
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The Church MOVES ON

Elder Bennett

ELDER ARCHIBALD F. BENNETT, secretary of the Genealogical Society of the Church, is in Europe again, making a first-hand check of the progress being made of microfilming genealogical records for the Church genealogical library. This is his second trip abroad in the interest of this work since the termination of World War II. On this trip he expects to visit government officials and library officers in England, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, France, and possibly Finland.

Tabernacle Organ

THE work on the new organ for the Salt Lake Tabernacle is progressing according to plan, and it is expected that the finished instrument will be played at the coming October conference. Already a swell organ has been installed with thirty-nine sets of pipes.

Canadian Seminaries

DR. FRANKLIN L. WEST, Church commissioner of education, has returned from Alberta, Canada, where he has made arrangements for the opening of two full-time seminaries—one in Raymond, the other in Cardston.

While in Canada, Dr. West also investigated the possibilities of establishing an institute of religion at Edmonton, whereby the approximately 125 Latter-day Saint students attending the University of Alberta could complement their university studies with weekday religious activities.

Many of the students who will benefit from these two seminaries which will be opened this fall, have progenitors who came into southern Alberta with the first Church colonization movement in Canada, under the direction of Charles O. Card in 1887. Today there are three Canadian stakes of Zion, Alberta, centering in and around Cardston, where the Temple is located; Taylor, with headquarters at Raymond; and the Lethbridge, with headquarters at Lethbridge. The headquarters of the Western Canadian Mission is at Edmonton, Alberta.

Japanese Mission

RENOVATING is now being pressed on the recently purchased mission home in Tokyo, by Edward L. Clissold, mission president. The home when purchased, had a living room, dining room, library, office, and a kitchen on the ground floor, and sleeping

rooms upstairs. It had a two-story fireproof vault, suitable for storing Church records. An unused boiler room was found to be suitable to be converted into a baptismal room.

Five missionaries have now been granted permission to enter Japan. They had been called to the Japanese Mission several months ago, but had labored among the Japanese people of the Central Pacific Mission in Hawaii while awaiting permission to enter Japan.

No missionaries, outside of President Clissold, were in Japan, at the time of the earthquake and tidal waves in June.

War Heroes

MILITARY, state, and Church leaders paid high tribute to the four fallen Borgstrom brothers at memorial services, June 26, as the bodies of Clyde, LeRoy, Rolon, and Rulon (twins) were returned to their peaceful Bear River Valley in northern Utah. They were the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Alben Borgstrom of Thatcher, Utah.

Pfc. Clyde E. Borgstrom fell with the Marines on Guadalcanal, March 17, 1944. Pfc. Elmer LeRoy, a member of the 91st Infantry Division, was killed in Italy on June 22, 1944. A badly shot up bomber limped back to England from a raid over Germany August 8, 1944, with Sgt. Rolon Borgstrom's body on board. Rulon, his twin, died of wounds seventeen days later in France. He had been serving with the 38th Infantry, Second Division. A fifth brother, Boyd, serving with the Marine Corps, was released from service after his brothers' deaths. A sixth brother, Eldon, was too young for the wartime draft. The Borgstroms have three daughters.

Colonel Leonard R. Crews, commanding officer of the Sixth Army escort detachment at Ogden, said:

"The Borgstroms are the only four-star Gold Star family on record in World War II. Only the five Sullivan brothers, all serving on the same Navy ship when it was sunk, constituted a greater single loss to a family. The Borgstrom boys were in separate branches of the service, in separate theaters of action."

Services were held in the tabernacle at Garland, Utah. Speakers included President George Albert Smith, Herbert B. Maw, governor of Utah, and General Mark W. Clark, commander, Sixth Army. The brothers are again united as their mortal remains lie side by side in the Tremont Cemetery.

M.I.A. Institute

MORE THAN three hundred Mutual Improvement Association leaders attended the M.I.A. Leadership Institute during the latter part of June. M. I. A. problems and activities were discussed on the campus of Brigham Young University by the university's faculty members and the general superintendency, general presidency, and the general boards of the Mutuals.

William Mulder

WILLIAM MULDER, former associate editor of *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA*, was one of the six winners in an international essay contest sponsored by the Swedish-American steamship lines in connection with the current centennial of the Swedish pioneers in the United States. His essay was entitled "Ola Nilsson Linjenquist and His Cooperative City," and dealt with the Mormon convert-immigrant who was an early colonizer of Hyrum, Utah.

Palmyra Branch

PURCHASE of a two and a half story residence at Palmyra, New York, which will be remodeled into a chapel for the branch there, has been announced by Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson of the Presiding Bishopric. The building is near the Hill Cumorah, where the Book of Mormon plates were delivered to the Prophet Joseph Smith by the Angel Moroni.

Tabernacle Organ Recitals

PRESIDENT RICHARD L. EVANS, director of the Bureau of Information on Temple Square, announced that 47,633 persons attended the Tabernacle organ recitals during June. A year ago, the June total was 31,718. For the six-month period ending June 30, 81,759 attended recitals, compared with 68,115 during the same period in 1947. Total attendance at the grounds is following the same trend, but not so markedly.

Best Teacher Award

BLANCHE FERRE, a teacher of Brigham City, Utah, Central school, has recently been awarded the Quiz Kids' Best Teacher Award for teachers in the primary grades. No usual run of the mill radio contest was this with a pot of gold dangling at the end of the ring of her telephone. She was nominated by one of her students as "the teacher who has helped me most." There were thirty-five thousand such nominations. Ten of these student nominees were selected as finalists. These teachers were then quizzed about themselves and their attitude toward teaching. Their state and district supervisors were asked about the teacher's work. And upon tabulating, Miss Ferre had won the prize—\$1,000.

AUGUST 1948

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The white road

OVER the hill and faraway
The white road twists and turns
Through wooded valleys, dark with night,
Where only starlight burns;
The white road dips and runs away
Through summer's violet mist
And beckons me to follow where
The beaches, golden-kissed,
Spread silver sands to tread upon,
And water, cool and sweet.
The white road beckons while I stand—
Bound to a city street!

Catherine E. Berry



FOREST-SPELL

By Helen Maring

COME let us walk in the spell of the wood
Loving the freshness, and nature's deep mood.
There are so many wild-sounds that we hear:
Rustling of branches and leaves reach the ear.
The snap of a twig and the winged hoof-pounding
Of quick-startled deer. Oh, the things that are sounding
Are all a vast part of a symphony. Walking,
Be chary of footfalls, and quiet the talking;
Come where the birds are a mystical part:
Sounds of the woods are heard best with the heart.



—Photograph, courtesy Zion Easter Pageant Committee

DEEP IN AUGUST

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

IT was deep in August, and summer burned
The long slow hours with somnolent ease.
As yet, no whisper of gold had turned
A leaf from its chore in the emerald trees.
Even the perfumes were summery scents,
The reddening berry, the purpling plum.
A dusty battalion in hollyhock tents
Was mustering out with a summery hum;
When seized by a reasonless melancholy,
My heart sensed autumn, an ominous breath,
And prompted my arms to an age-old folly,
Attempting to shield one hour from death.
I clutched at the leaves, the flowers, the fruit,
Aware of invisible hands on my loot.

HOUSE PLAN

By Lael W. Hill

WHEN I have my house, I want a little
one
On top of a wind-kissed hill,
Where its windows can hold the setting sun
While the world around grows still;
Where a friendly path points the way to my door,
And bluebirds own every tree;
Where hollyhocks prove what a garden is for—
And love keeps me company.

MUSIC

By Miranda Snow Walton

WORDS must have steps on which to rise;
Prayer must have wings to reach the skies;
So God made music—notes and bars—
By which they both could touch the stars!

THE TEMPLE OF SINAWAVA ZION'S CANYON

By Nellie Mag Doran

MY brush can never paint the scenes
My wondering eyes have gazed upon.
I have no words to pen the thoughts
That filled my soul at morning's dawn.
The majesty of those great spires,
Bathed in the morning's roseate light;
The violet canyons filled with mist
Still held the shadows of the night.

But deep within my grateful heart
I thank you, Lord, for giving me
The loan of beauty-laden days,
That opened wide my eyes to see
Thy presence in those mighty walls,
In wooded vale and flowing stream,
In sunset rays, whose burning fires
Made Sinawava's Temple gleam.

And I who walked beside your walls,
A shadow, too, beside your might,
Had visions of the ones who came
To worship there on some far night,
For who except a mighty soul
Could dwell within that temple vast,
Which now alone remains to speak
Of vanished people, long since past?

SONG FOR FRIENDSHIP (T.Q.P.)

By Courtney Cottam

SHALL I remember,
When at life's end,
Triumphs and glory,
Or love of a friend?

Each little conquest,
That now feeds my flame,
Shall long be forgotten;
Be only a name.

Your love will become
More precious, more dear;
Fame and fortune forsaking,
You will be near.

THIS IS YOUR BIRTHDAY

By Elaine V. Emans

THIS is your birthday, and, wherever you
Are, wishes follow, though you do not know.

One wish is for the high traditional blue
Sky over you, with streams of song to flow
From feathered throats you love; another,
still

More pleasure out of work; and, on and on,
The slope of living like an emerald hill
For climbing; no regrets for what is gone;
And friends to laugh with you, and understand,

And keep their silence, too. This day is yours.

And, though I cannot speak, nor take your hand,

With smiling of the gods, my wish assures
The year be all your inner eye can see,
Then more than you would ask for it to be.

FAITH

By Alfred I. Tooke

ISEE the road so short a way ahead,
But by a loving Father I am led,
And with him guiding me, I can depend
On coming safely to my journey's end.

He traveled first the journey I must make,
And when I stumble sometimes, he will take
My hand in his, and smile on me, and then
Will set me firmly on my feet again.

And if the road is sometimes rough or steep,
I know that he is watching, and will keep
My feet from straying, and will keep my soul

Safe from all harm, until I reach my goal.

UNDER THE JUNIPER

By John Nixon, Jr.

"IWISH you wouldn't whisper so, my friend,"

I muttered to the cedar; still the wind
And she kept up their boring conversation
And quite ignored my drowsy indignation.

Then just when I began to doze once more,
(I guess she didn't like my lyric snore)
She tossed green jewels on my overalls
And stung my face with tiny pale blue balls.

Again I closed my eyes, determined now
To go to sleep. Vain thought! Next, from each bough
(Her aim seemed both to torture and amaze)
She jangled noisy bracelets mad of jays.

So I arose and cut the back lawn's hair,
Suspecting a conspiracy somewhere.

PERIOD

By Polly Hansard

IUSED to want a little house,
With cool verandas wide,
A turning flagstone walk,
And jolly flowers outside;

Inside, a cozy fireplace glow,
A table set for two,
A kitchen gay with pot and pan,
Some bedrooms, with a view.

Thus dreamed I, very much the man,
Now, sadly, more the mouse,
I've made a shorter plan—
I want a house!

Partaking of the Lord's Blessings

By President George Albert Smith

From a June 1948 Conference Address

THIS is a beautiful picture. It seems to me that every time we have a June conference the crowd has multiplied to a very considerable degree.

The presenting of the IMPROVEMENT ERA citations has stirred me. To see how the Mutual Improvement Associations have functioned so far as the ERA is concerned is delightful. It is a wonderful magazine. I have had pleasure in sending copies of it to many parts of the world, and in many cases have received word back complimenting us on the character of our magazine; it is so clean, and fine, and wholesome. If you knew what it is to contain this coming year, I am sure you would all be interested in retaining your subscription, and in increasing the subscription list. I do not know of any magazine that is published anywhere that is the equal of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. I had a friend in Liverpool, England, who wrote me to the effect that he wished they had a magazine published in England as good as the ERA. That was his estimate of it. I have had letters from individuals, governors of various states, and others to whom I have sent the ERA commending the quality of the material and the excellence of its preparation. I want to take this occasion to mention this to those who have the magazine in hand.

We have made a wonderful increase in the circulation of the magazine since we first started to call it THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, and, of course, since we are increasing in numbers ourselves the magazine should have some natural increase. I am thinking today of how happy we ought to be to utilize it as a missionary to all the world. I am satisfied that there are thousands of people who are in the world to whom we would be able to send the magazine, a subscription, perhaps, or if not, an occasional magazine—and they will thank us for the opportunity they have of

reading it. The contents, the cover—everything is so fine that I do not hesitate when I give one away to say, "We think this is the finest of all the magazines." We must keep up our subscriptions; do not let them drop. THE IMPROVEMENT ERA is one of the finest missionaries we have. I notice how well Ogden is doing, but I do not know of any better place to do missionary work than in Salt Lake City. You probably thought I was going to say Ogden, but right here in Salt Lake City we can do much missionary work, and I am suggesting that we see to it that our neighbors who are not members of the Church become aware of the excellence of the magazine, and we should encourage them to subscribe. In that way you can increase your subscriptions in your wards very much indeed.

Only within the last week I received a check from a man who said he wanted six copies of one issue sent to him. He wanted to give them away. He sent the check signed but with the amount left blank, taking his chances on what we were going to charge him. But I understand the check was filled in with the correct amount and that the magazines were sent to him. When people know what a fine magazine the ERA is, there is no difficulty in obtaining subscriptions.

What a blessing it is to be identified with a group such as this! Wherever I go, I am delighted to see our Mutual Improvement groups. I wish all our younger members could be in a conference of this kind. They would enjoy it just as much as we do.

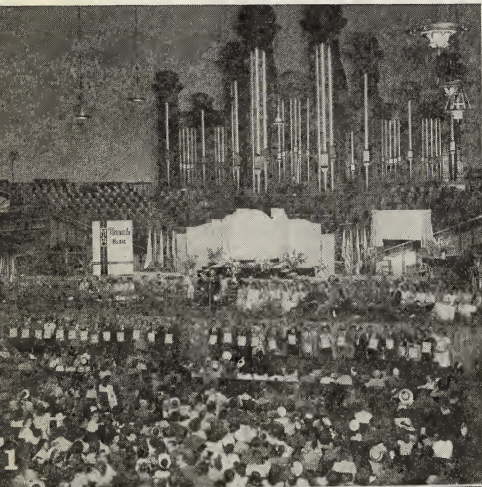
The Lord has blessed us. He has made it possible for us to live in this wonderful land, and he has given us the opportunity of enjoying all the blessings that the world enjoys, plus the gospel of Jesus Christ. When I hear our choruses singing, as they have sung today, and I hear our people speak as they

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The Editor's Page

JUNE 1948 *M. I. A.* CONFERENCE ACTIVITIES

—Photographs No. 1, 3, 6 by Hal Rumel; 2, 4, 8 courtesy Salt Lake "Tribune"; 7 and 9 courtesy "Deseret News"; 5 and 10 by Bogart.



1. Group receiving "Era" citations at the General Session.

2. Between sessions on Temple Square.

3. M. I. A. presidents and superintendents luncheon.

4. Three girls in costume carrying out the international theme.

5. The dancers assembled on the field at the University of Utah stadium as the festival began.

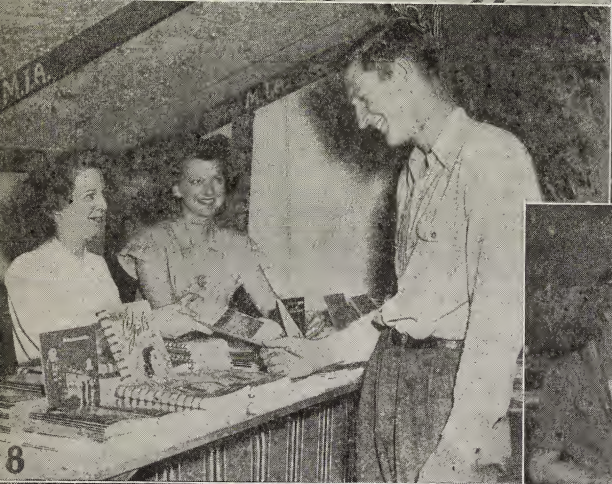
6. President Richard L. Evans addressing group at the superintendents and presidents luncheon.

7. Two of the two thousand dancers who participated in the Folk Festival.

8. One of the booths in which were displayed the M.I.A. manuals.

9. Sister Lucy Grant Cannon, retiring president (left) and the three newly appointed executive officers, of the Y.W.M.I.A., Sister Bartha S. Reeder, Sister Emily H. Bennett, and Sister LaRue C. Longden.

10. Finale of the Folk Festival at the University of Utah stadium.



LEADERSHIP...

By Elder Ezra Taft Benson



WHEN the forty-five governors were in Salt Lake City for a conference during the Utah centennial year, one of them who was rather prominent in the group and with whom I had some acquaintance came to our home with his wife and two boys. As we visited, we talked about the Church, and he told of his impression of a week in Salt Lake, ending with this significant comment: "You know, it seems to me you Latter-day Saints have just about all the answers." And then he added, significantly, this question, "But do you appreciate what you have?" As I witnessed the demonstration of the recreational arts in the stadium, as I met with the Master M Men in their breakfast at seven o'clock in the morning, and as I recounted what transpired in the opening session of June conference, I wonder whether we do appreciate what we have, who we are, and the rich blessings which are ours that are not enjoyed by people generally.

I should like, if I may, in a rather unorthodox manner, to divide my comments into three parts. I should like first to say just a word about memories. You know we have M Men in the Church; the letter "M" is prominent. Sometime I would like to see—perhaps the appropriate time would be next year at our fiftieth anniversary, our fiftieth conference—to have another M-M project—Mutual Memories.

Second, I would like to say just a word directly to the executives. And third, I would like to say a word regarding the needs of youth.

WE all have fond memories of our work in M.I.A. In the opening session of this June conference, I lived again some of the most precious experiences of my life. I remembered back a good many years. Do you recall the time when we had the competitive orations in the Mutual?—when the general board sent out suggested subjects to select from? My first recollection is selecting a subject under the direction and persuasion and influence of one

of our fine M.I.A. workers. The subject was "Opportunities Where You Are." That is the first time I can ever recall attempting to make a talk in an organization, and the Mutual provided that opportunity. I still remember some of the points in that humble effort: "There is always room at the top"; "America is another name for opportunity."

Do you remember, too, the time when we had those invaluable lessons on "Courage"?—intellectual, physical, and moral courage! I still have the booklets. I think there has never been anything finer written on the subject of "Courage" than was written in those M.I.A. manuals.

I remember the glorious experience as a scoutmaster in a little country ward. It was a thrill to try to lead twenty-four boys in the great Scout program of M.I.A. I remembered, too, some of the slogans we had in M.I.A. And I thought, "What a group of subjects, and how they might be used by people throughout the Church for topics to talk about!" "We stand," we used to say—"we stand for a weekly home evening." Do you remember that one? "We stand for spirituality and happiness in the home." "We stand for a sacred, Sabbath and a weekly half-holiday."

I remember, too, the reading course books we have had through the years. Anyone who has followed those books and read them has received quite a liberal education. And if you had copies of all of them today, you would have a fairly good library. One of the first I can recall coming to my hands is a book which President Heber J. Grant later sent out in great numbers to all the missionaries, that little book by Roger Babson, *The Fundamentals of Prosperity*. It was a gem. I still remember the story that he told in it regarding responsibility and its power in building men and women. Yes, these are memories. We all have them and they are priceless—Mutual Memories. May they ever be fresh in our minds! May they ever be sweet and pleasant to look back upon!

and the NEEDS of YOUTH*

OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE AND ADVISER TO THE M.I.A.

WE are leaders. The Church expects much of its leaders, and rightly so. If you want a life of ease, you should not be a Latter-day Saint. I do not mean that you do not get joy out of all the activities. Yes, we are the happiest people on the earth, but we are living in a period when there seems to be a trend in the religious world to make it as easy as possible for a person to qualify for Church membership in good standing. But there has been no letdown in the Church and kingdom of God. Membership requires effort and much voluntary service. Nowhere in the world can you find the amount of voluntary service that you find among the membership of the Church, and particularly among the officers such as in M.I.A. I thought of it as we witnessed that great festival. How much voluntary service went into that project! And that is true of practically everything we do in the Church.

Do you ever feel that the Church asks too much of you, that there are too many meetings to attend? I recall while traveling in the war-torn countries of Europe a few months ago, we had with us a fine young man from Salt Lake City, an L.D.S. chaplain. As we rode through those wrecked cities and witnessed the destruction on every hand, we talked. He told of his experiences in the service as a Mormon boy. He said he was sitting around the coals of a fire one night with a group of other chaplains. During the conversation one of them spoke up, "I hear you are a Mormon; are you?" And he said, "Yes, I am proud to say that I am." And the chaplain said, "You know, I cannot understand you Mormons. Whenever two or three of you get together, you hold a meeting—and when a larger number get together, you hold a conference. Why do you hold so many meetings?"

At the first nationwide conference of the Swedish Mission following the war, we had a schedule of meetings for Sunday calling for a public meeting in the morning, a mission-

ary meeting at two o'clock, and a public meeting in the evening. And, of course, the Saints gathered Sunday morning, delighted that they were coming together once more in a missionwide conference. The war was over. At the close of the morning session, the mission president announced the schedule of meetings for the balance of the day. And almost immediately after the closing prayer a group of Saints came to the stand and said, "Isn't there going to be a meeting during this conference just for the members of the Church?" It was an unusual request, but they seemed so sincere that the mission president hurriedly called the audience to attention and said that they had decided to change the schedule and that at two o'clock in the afternoon instead of the missionary meeting we would have a meeting for just the members of the Church and that the missionary meeting would be held Monday morning. He then said there would be a public session that Sunday evening. At two o'clock the Saints came. It seemed to me there were as many as there were in the morning, and no non-members were there. I guess the Saints had gone home and gathered their families.

They were overjoyed to have a meeting by themselves. After the opening exercises the mission president said, "This is your meeting. I am sure you have things in your hearts you would like to say. We can stay here just as long as there are testimonies to be borne, so long as it does not interfere with the seven o'clock meeting tonight." They stayed there for three and one-half hours, and we had a glorious meeting. I will never forget the first testimony borne in that meeting by a lovely lady who, the following week, would be ninety years of age. She told of the blessings of the gospel, the sacrifices she had made, the joy that had come to her from meeting together.

I am sure that the Lord was wise,

(Continued on page 494)

*Adapted from an address delivered at M.I.A. June conference, June 19, 1948.



LEADERSHIP AND THE NEEDS OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 493)

as he always is, in providing many meetings—opportunities for us to come together in our solemn assemblies. It is he who, by revelation, directed that we should have quarterly conferences, the ward sacrament meetings, and so, I am sure we do not feel that the program calls for too much.

I AM confident that the executives ever keep in mind the great objectives of M.I.A. as set forth by our great prophet-leader, President Brigham Young. He said:

Let the keynote of your work be the establishment in the youth of an individual testimony of the truth and magnitude of the great latter-day work.

That is the most important thing of all. May I encourage you to read it frequently. This matter of a testimony in the lives of our young people is of paramount importance. May we ever keep this in mind!

What are the qualifications, then, for leadership in the M.I.A.? What are the qualities of leadership of an executive of M.I.A.? May I enumerate four which I think are paramount. First of all—and I think most important of all—is the matter of *personal testimony*. How can you build faith in the lives of young men and women unless you have that faith yourselves? How can we build testimony unless we have a testimony of the divinity of this great work? Refer to our theme for the Mutual year 1946-47, "Let everyone get a knowledge for himself that this work is true." You know what the Master has said about those who destroy faith:

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea. (Matt. 18:6.)

No one in M.I.A. should be in leadership who would destroy the faith of our youth.

We are engaged in a cause in which there is no room for discouragement. The Lord will not let us fail if we do our part. President Woodrow Wilson, once said:

I would rather fail in a cause that I know some day will triumph than triumph in a cause that I know some day will fail.

We have the glorious promise that we will triumph in this cause that will not fail.

The second qualification is *humility*. The Lord said in one of the revelations:

No one can assist in this work except he shall be humble and full of love. (D. & C. 12:8.)

One of the marks of great leadership always has been and ever will be the humble spirit. What does holding an office do to you? When you get an assignment in M.I.A., when the bishop asks you to head an organization, what is your reaction as you accept? Does it make you feel a dependence upon the Lord? Does it give you the spirit of humility? Do you go down on your knees in prayer for strength? If you do, then you have one of the qualifications for leadership. On the other hand, if you just swell with increased pride and importance, then you may find disappointment ahead.

Third, a *love of people* is essential to effective leadership. Do you love these boys and girls; do you love the members of M.I.A.? Do you love those whom you work with? Do you realize the worth of souls is great in the sight of God? Do you have faith in youth? Do you find yourself praising their virtues, commending them for their accomplishments? Or do you have a critical attitude toward them because of their mistakes?

And the fourth qualification is the force of *example*. The proper example is all-important. Let us be what we profess to be. There is no satisfactory substitute. Who was it said, "What you are rings so loud in my ears I cannot hear what you say"? It was said of one of the great Chinese philosophers and teachers that he did not have to teach, all he had to do was to *be*. His very life was a lesson. And so it should be with the leaders of M.I.A. The eyes of the world, the eyes of the Church, the eyes of the youth of the Church, particularly, are upon the executives, the heads of our organizations. And do not feel that you are ever out by yourselves away from everyone and that you can let down by your standards because no one will be watching.

Do not think that you are away from people. You cannot get away; someone is always watching. Do not feel that you can live the standards of the Church while you

are here at headquarters and while you are in your own ward or stake, and that when you are away on vacation, it will not matter if you let down a little. Let us be what we profess to be always.

How do we measure up when we think no one is looking? When we are away from our stakes, are we true to every standard of the Church? Do we live the gospel? Is our example the kind that any Latter-day Saint parent could point to you and say, "Follow the leadership of your executive officers in the M.I.A." If that is true, all is well; if it is not true, you are not measuring up.

I SHALL but list three or four needs of youth which you will want to amplify and add to.

First of all, I think the greatest need is a *testimony*. There is no anchor in this world like a testimony. I traveled among our Saints in war-torn Europe, and I tell you people can go through anything if they have a burning testimony. It is priceless. You ask the parents of these our M.I.A. boys and girls what they wish for them. I have met hundreds of parents. When my work used to take me back and forth across this great continent into every state of the Union, I often found myself on a Sunday in a little branch or in a ward or in a stake conference. When it was announced that I was living in Washington, D.C., invariably some good member of the Church, some parent would come up after the meeting was over and say, I have a son or I have a daughter in Washington. Do you know him or her? And of course I would usually know the boy or girl. And then the parents would invariably follow with the second question. They never ask, "Are they making a lot of money? Have they been accepted by the 'four hundred' of Washington? Are they a success socially?" No, always the second question was the same. "What are they doing in the Church?" Why this question? Because that is the thing that is uppermost in the heart of all true parents. That is what they hope for the M.I.A., that you will implant in the hearts of their boys and girls a testimony of this great work. And no other thing even approaches it in value. That is youth's greatest need.

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

A CHALLENGE

WHAT a challenge to a man to ask him to talk to teachers of speech on how to make a speech!

The challenge has been featured throughout history. Once it was delivered by a jerk of the whiskers, at another time by a tweak of the nose, and again by means of a slap of a glove across the face. When we were youngsters our favorite form of challenge was to draw a line and dare the enemy to cross it. If he did, hostilities began. In fancy I can see you drawing a line and daring me to cross it—"We dare you to make a speech."

At the outset, let's clear away any possible misapprehension. Man wasn't born merely to make speeches. It is a significant thing that of all the animals, man alone enjoys the gift of speech. It is his great means of communication. It smacks of divinity. You remember that line in the opening chapter of Genesis. Read it again to discover the sanctity which attached to the "word." To live must always be more important than to speak. First comes living—and experience—and character. Speech is but an instrumentality in these broader and more fundamental values. In passing, let me point out that of all the arts—music, art, drama, sculpture, architecture—speech is the one in which most people can take on most improvement. Man is a talking animal.

ON December 31, 1947, at a convention of the Speech Association of America, one of the outstanding teachers of speech in our country remarked, "Your Church offers the most unique laboratory for speech in the world." I have been pondering his remark ever since. Because there is no regularly assigned ministry in our Church, we do offer experience to many people. Two hundred and two thousand Church members regularly have the experience each week of presiding and teaching and preaching. Are you interested in the breakdown?

to BETTER SPEAKING in the Church

By

Adam S. Bennion, Ph. D.

EDITORIAL NOTE

SINCE we are a Church of speakers—and it behooves all of us that we speak well, Dr. Bennion was asked to talk to this subject at the Speech-Music Festival of June Conference, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, Saturday evening, June 19, 1948. Dr. Bennion's masterful development of this subject is such that all members of the Church will find practical help and inspiration from this article for their own speaking.

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| The Relief Society..... | 55,000 |
| The Sunday School | 35,000 |
| The Primary | 19,000 |
| The M. I. A. | 29,000 |
| Priesthood quorum leaders | 30,000 |
| Ward Teachers | 30,000 |
| Missionaries | 4,000 |

I know of the ambition of your organization to make of the young people of the Church the most capable young people in the world in their ability to express themselves and to voice the hope that is within them. Now let us briefly consider two aspects of this problem of speech:

I. The tremendous significance of speech in civilization.

II. How can we as M.I.A. workers improve our speaking?

If we turn to history, ever so briefly, we must be impressed by the fact that every great movement has had its champion. Take a hurried historical look. Think how Demosthenes stirred Greece. Cicero did

... Of all the arts—music, art, drama, sculpture, architecture—speech is the one in which most people can take on most improvement. Man is a talking animal.

the same thing for Rome. Think what Jesus and Paul did as spokesmen for the Christian era. Ponder the significance of Pitt and Gladstone in England. Consider how Webster and Lincoln became the voices of America. I like to ponder that brief characterization of the ministry of the Savior of the world, "He went about teaching and preaching and doing good." The officers of the law who reported to the Chief Priests and Pharisees relative to the work being done by Jesus, said significantly, "Never man spake like this man." (John 7: 46.) Perhaps no clearer illustration could be given than the work of Winston Churchill, who, single-handed, held England together in her darkest days. As a matter of fact, he became not only the voice of England, he was the great spokesman for the allies—the great voice of our generation.

As we consider the importance of speech in society, what better illustration could be given than by reference to distinguished men who have occupied this very pulpit. I am happy to pay my tribute to six great men who in my youth stirred me from this very spot:

The late President Joseph F. Smith—for the spiritual power of his testimony;

B. H. Roberts—for the mastery and sweep of his oratory;

Orson F. Whitney—for his poetic eloquence;

James E. Talmage—for his clear-cut, incisive conviction;

J. Golden Kimball—for the homeliness and kindly humor of his great messages;

Melvin J. Ballard—for the fervor and fire of his witness.

All six of these men have passed on, but their great service to the Church will be treasured as long as our memories last.

HOW can we improve our speaking? To those of you who would grow and develop in your powers of speech and to those of you who would lead other young men and women in the same devel-

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NEWLY APPOINTED Y.W.M.I.A. GENERAL BOARD

Top row, left to right: Helena W. Larson, executive secretary; Norma P. Anderson, Pearl Bridge, Carol H. Cannon, Virginia F. Cutler, and Irene Hailes. Bottom row: Gladys E. Harbertson, Marba C. Josephson, Ruth H. Funk, Jeannette Morrell, Sara D. Yates, and Gladys D. Wight.

The General Board of the Y. W. M. I. A.

THE appointment of Sister Bertha Stone Reeder as general president of the Y.W.M.I.A. at the general conference, April 6, 1948, was followed by the appointment of two counselors, Emily H. Bennett, as first counselor, and LaRue C. Longden, as second counselor, on June 13, 1948.* The appointment of the general board was made on June 20, 1948. The general board that was appointed to aid the general presidency included nine who had formerly served on the general board under President Lucy Grant Cannon: Helena W. Larson, Norma P. Anderson, Carol H. Cannon, Virginia F. Cutler, Ruth H. Funk, Irene Hailes, Gladys E. Harbertson, Marba C. Josephson, and Sara D. Yates. Three new board members were added: Pearl Bridge, Jeannette Morrell, and Gladys D. Wight. That all of them have done work to merit their appointment may be gleaned from the very much condensed report of their activities that follows.

HELENA W. LARSON, newly appointed executive secretary and treasurer of the Y.W.M.I.A. general board, has been busy in Church work since she was eleven years of age, having served as secretary of the Religion Class, as Sunday

School teacher and Gleaner leader, as a member of the Ensign Stake board of Y.W.M.I.A. and of the general board of Y.W.M.I.A., as well as having filled a mission to the Northern States where she was assigned to talk to groups in the L.D.S. booth at the Chicago World's Fair. She was married to Roald O. Larson in the Salt Lake Temple and has three children, two daughters and one son. She was called to the general board in 1937 and has served on the Gleaner and Bee Hive committees, being chairman of the Bee Hive committee during the past year. She was made general secretary of the board in September 1942. A graduate of the University of Utah with high honors, she was engaged in teaching both before and after marriage until she accepted the position with the general board.

NORMA P. ANDERSON has been active in the auxiliary organizations during all of her mature life, most of the time in the Y.W.M.I.A. She was teacher in the various de-

partments until she was called to the presidency of her ward Mutual, later being made its president, in which capacity she acted for approximately six years. For five years she was president of the Bonneville Stake Y.W.M.I.A., being called from that position to the general board in 1942. On the board, Sister Anderson served on the Gleaner committee, of which she was made chairman the past year, the position which she will continue to hold under her new assignment.

During the war she was chairman of the Out-of-Town Girls Committee at the Lion House, which provided guidance and appropriate entertainment for girls away from home. The wife of Joseph W. Anderson, secretary to the First Presidency of the Church, she is the mother of three children and the grandmother of three.

PEARL BRIDGE has served as Sunday School teacher, M.I.A. organist, Junior leader, and as chairman of the Missionary Finance Committee of the Sixteenth Ward. In addition she filled a mission to the Eastern States, and was in the presidency of the Salt Lake Stake Y.W.M.I.A. for ten years, and president of the Riverside Stake Y.W.M.I.A. for seven years. For the past year

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

*See THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, July 1948, p. 431



By Dawna Daw

Dawna, a Gleaner girl in the Big Cottonwood Stake, is a graduate of Granite Seminary and the Granite High School.

WHY

keep the Sabbath Day

HOLY?



By Leeman Perkins

Leeman is an Explorer Scout in the Big Cottonwood Stake. He will be a Junior at Granite High School and Granite Seminary next year.

ONE Sunday a suggestion was made, and it set me to wondering. It started like this—a group of us were talking after Sunday School. It was a very warm day, and someone said, "How about going swimming? That should cool us off." "Sounds like fun—but wait, today's Sunday!" That's when I began to think. What difference should it make if we go swimming? What good will observing the Sabbath do for me or harm if I fail to keep it? Why should I, a Mormon girl, want to "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy"?

Maybe it's like this. Very often we, the youth, desire to do something that is against the will of our parents. We may stay out after twelve, the hour we had promised to be in or we sluff choir practice. At the time of planning, the evening ahead seemed thrilling and exciting. But even before the evening was over, something was missing—it wasn't as much fun after all, and worse—we had broken a promise; we had broken our word. But it wasn't our parents that were hurt by the act. No, we had done it; we had hurt ourselves only!

So it is, when the Lord gives a commandment. It will help us if we live it or leave us behind if we fail to realize its importance.

The Lord's commandments are given, not for himself, but given to man for his benefit that he might have joy in this life and eternal happiness in the hereafter.

One group of people, many years ago, decided to change the Lord's day—they would hold the Sabbath every fourteenth day instead of every seventh. The extra day would indeed make them a prosperous community! But it didn't take these people long to realize their grave mistake. They had become tired, cross, dissatisfied with the world; their businesses were failing, their once beautiful city was about to fall in ruin. As man needs rest for his physical body to recuperate, so he needs a rest to give his mind a chance to rebuild itself—and more, man cannot live a full life without spiritual contact with God, that side of life that enables one to carry on through the coming week, that something that makes us all want to live a better life—and by observing the Sabbath the battle is half won.

(Concluded on page 539)

ONE OF the processes of learning is doubt and wonder. As little children we accepted with blind obedience the principles of the gospel which we were able to learn. Then, as we grew, we began to wonder if those laws were for our best good. About the first time someone suggested that we play ball or go to a show instead of attending church on the Sabbath, I asked myself the questions, "Why do I want to keep the Sabbath? What value has it for me? Will keeping the Sabbath bring blessings? What are those blessings?"

In an effort to find the answers to these questions, I asked myself how I could find them, and I decided the best way was to keep the Sabbath. As I attempted to do this, I found that many blessings attend the keeper of this law.

"Men are, that they might have joy." (II Nephi 2:25.) Tell me if you know of a joy which equals that of attending the meetings of our Church. As I go to church each Sunday, it is with the keen anticipation one experiences when he is going to a place where he can enjoy the companionship of his friends. And did you stop to

think that people met at church are the finest in the world? When I walk into my quorum meeting each Sunday morning and see the boys of my age there, I know they are the finest companions I could find anywhere. They are God's chosen, faithful not only in the life before, but also on this earth. If I chose to go somewhere else on Sunday, I could be sure that the people whom I meet could not hope to be the fine caliber of those who spend the Sabbath in worship.

When I spend Sunday in the company of these choice spirits, I can also feel the presence of God's spirit. I can feel the strength of their faith and testimonies and these lend strength to me, furnishing me with spiritual inspiration which helps carry me through the week to another Sabbath.

SUNDAY is a day for learning. I attend Sunday School because I know that while I'm there I shall learn something, which answers a question that has been troubling me or something which impresses me with God's goodness and his greatness. And after-

(Continued on page 538)

M.I.A. THEME-1948-49—"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY." (EXODUS 20:8.)

RACHEL HAMBLIN pushed back her sunbonnet to look at the scene, for Jacob had stopped the oxen on the brow of the hill and now stood with his hand on Old Dock's heavy yoke. Perhaps he wanted to wait for the other wagons to come up so that they could help each other brake down the steep slope; perhaps he just wanted to look the land over. He didn't say. He just stood there and looked at the valley of the Santa Clara Creek, at the hills beyond, and at the distant blue mountains far beyond them. And Rachel, from her seat on the wagon, followed his example, squinting her eyes against the glare of the sun on red rocks.

Not a very inviting picture, she thought—barren hills all around, with dots of creosote bushes and scrub sage and rabbit brush on the pink sand where they were stopped. Sand had no business being that bright salmon-pink. The dull brown across the valley was more like hills ought to be, if only they had something green on them. But then this was a country of violent colors—shining, coal-black lava rock, startling white clay hills, vermilion bluffs, salmon-pink sand—a country to be reckoned with.

That little streak of green in the valley was good for tired eyes. One little line of cottonwoods and willows in how many miles of emptiness? It made her mind tired to try to think of it. Well back from the green she could see the fort like a turtle in the sun, the roofs of the houses around the inside the design on its back—the best and strongest fort in all the territory, with solidly laid rock walls, one hundred feet square, three feet thick, and twelve feet high. To her it spelled a home again, a place to unpack and put things away, and stay awhile.

Though it was only May, the rocks and sand were already storing up heat. To the north, the peaks of Pine Valley Mountain were cool against the sky, but the benchland fairly shimmered already. It would be hot in the fort, she knew, with only the roofs of tules and sod to keep off the sun. She wished it might have been built in the shade, but the trees and brush would give the Indians too near an ambush.

"Ye who are called to labor, and minister for God," she hummed softly to herself. Well, here they had

"Ye who are CALLED

been called, and here they would stay. She was roused by a voice from behind.

"What we waitin' for?"

What, indeed? Behind them the other six wagons had come up; ahead of them and almost down the

bors. Girls, all of them! Though she herself was only thirty-four, she felt mature and experienced compared to any of them. Oscar Hamblin's wife, Mary, was twenty; Dudley Leavitt's wife, Mary, was also twenty; and each had one baby.



Not a very inviting picture, she thought.

slope the youngsters were following the cows. Everybody climbed out of the wagons to walk down this stretch.

Rachel carried her eight-months-old baby, Joseph, while she led four-year-old Lois by the hand. The four older children had all gone ahead. The other six women trooped along, three with babies, three little more than brides. They would all walk to the foot of the hill and be ready to ride the last sandy stretch to the fort.

Behind them, the men let one wagon after another down the first steep incline, tying the hind wheels so that they could not turn, hanging at the back to keep it from going too quickly onto the heels of the oxen, and steadying it from the sides to keep it upright. Finally all seven wagons were safely over and on their way again.

At the fort there was a general hurrying around and an exploring of the identical rooms that were built along the sides, rooms sixteen by twenty feet, with a single door and a single window opening into the courtyard inside. There was one family in each room, except the family of Jacob and Rachel Hamblin, which was so large that even two rooms were hardly enough.

That evening around a campfire, Rachel looked over the group of women who were to be her neigh-

Zadoc Judd's wife, Minerva, was only eighteen, but she was the mother of two children. Samuel Knight's wife, Caroline, and Thales Haskell's, Maria, were both seventeen, as was Maria Leavitt, Mary's sister, and Dudley's second wife—all brides. Young men, too! A community of seven families, all young people, housed in a rock fort. The nearest settlement to the north, Harmony, was forty-five miles away; in every other direction there was only emptiness. This was the last frontier; the jumping-off place, as it seemed to her.

THIS, then, was to be her home.

These were her neighbors. She knew, instinctively, that she would be more than neighbor to them. She would be confidante, adviser, friend. She would help them make soap and candles and salt-rising bread; she would help their babies over colic and croup and summer complaint. And in turn their love and support would be a help to her, for her problems with her own family were not a few.

She looked around at them—four children whose mother had deserted after the trying expulsion from Nauvoo. It took firmness in the faith to endure the privations of those years, and Lucinda Taylor Hamblin had never had a real testimony. So when she had an opportunity to go

to labor"

By Juanita Brooks

back to her people, she had turned her back on her children forever. That had been six years ago. Now Duane was 14; Martha, 12; Mayette, 10; and Lyman, 8. Good children, all of them, and getting big enough to be a real help! Then there was the Indian boy, Albert, whom Jacob had brought home that last winter in Tooele, Albert, quiet and dependable, always in charge of the sheep and cattle. Besides these, there were her own two babies. Yes, there was no doubt but that, one way and another, she would have her hands full.

As the spring wore into summer, it became too hot to stay in the fort. Tutsegavit was earnest in his protestations of friendship, and his people showed no signs of hostility, so little by little the settlers slackened their vigilance. The children were permitted to play in the moist shade along the creek. The women moved out under the trees to wash so that

He laughed to scorn Tutsegavit's stories of Jacob Hamblin and his good medicine; Indians were fools who let the white man come onto their land. White men should go back to their own land. Agarapoots went about with glowering, threatening looks, refusing all signs of friendship.

ONE DAY the men all went to work at clearing a new piece of land. They cautioned the women to get plenty of wood and water inside the fort and keep the gates fastened securely. While they were still outside, Agarapoots and his band came charging down the hill. How frantically those girls gathered up their children, how terrified they were as they ran for the gates! They all got inside, but the Indian chief had his shoulder against the gate before they could slip the great iron bar into place. Desperation made the women strong. Together they pushed, but Agarapoots was already

Then hiding her fear under a calm exterior, she turned to Agarapoots. If only her heart wouldn't thump so! "See. My wick-i-up!" she said, pointing. "...Come... Tick-a-boo. Shotcup." It was the extent of her Indian vocabulary—Home. Friend. Food.

As soon as the Indians stepped into her room, the girls boosted the eight-year-old Lyman over the wall on the side opposite the gate, ordering him to catch the gray mare and ride for the men. The boy slipped through the brush, caught the mare, and mounted before he was discovered by the braves outside. They at once began to yell, and shot a few arrows in his direction, but he was out of range. They called to Agarapoots within the fort, and at their message his attitude changed completely.

"Oh, no," Rachel protested when he went to the gate and wanted to get out. "No. Other come in. You stay."

Agarapoots was determined, so she finally opened the gates just wide enough for the Indians to get out, and then peeped through to see them mount hastily and ride away in a cloud of dust.

THEN came the time when Agarapoots, in plain defiance, killed an ox that belonged to the settlers, a valuable and much-needed animal. The men of the group thought they should do something about it to teach him a lesson, but Jacob insisted on going to talk to him.

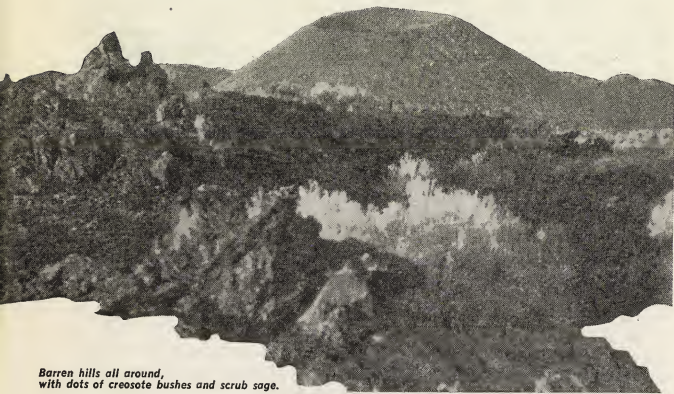
As Jacob neared the lodge of the chief, he saw several dogs growling over the offal of the beef, while a little boy with matted hair and skinny legs sat on the ground playing with the head of the dead animal. Within, Agarapoots lay sprawled out, full to satiation with his heavy meal. Jacob sat down without saying a word.

"What you want here?" Agarapoots asked sharply, raising up. "You pike-e-way! Mormon medicine! Bah!" And to show his disdain of it, he made a sound and gesture as though he were sick at his stomach.

Jacob talked in low tones, trying to tell him that the Mormons wanted to be friends with the Indians; they wanted to help their Indian brothers. But Agarapoots would not hear.

"You make medicine to kill me?"

(Continued on page 532)



Barren hills all around, with dots of creosote bushes and scrub sage.

they would not have to carry the water so far. It was better every way, for wood and shade and water, so they made a day of it. They learned to use their homemade soap sparingly and to use the ooze root suds for colored clothes.

All this stopped when Old Agarapoots and his band came into the valley. He brought men on horseback; he had his women and children camp up the creek bottom.

half inside, and in spite of all they could do, he forced his way in, and two of his men with him.

The girls were all pale and trembling. They all looked to Rachel for direction, feeling that in some way she would be equal to the occasion.

"Get Lyman out," she whispered to Mary Leavitt, pointing to the wall opposite the gate. "Old Pet is in the willows."

When things were blackest, Kathie suddenly remembered

TOMORROW IS ANOTHER YEAR

By H. R. FEA

KATHIE placed Bill's eggs in front of him and returned to the kitchen doorway, her back to him. Bill sat quietly, the remains of his breakfast before him, his lean, tanned arms on the oilcloth. The letter was in his hand. "It's no use, Kathie," his voice was tired: "we'll have to pay it."

"But, Bill. . . ." Kathie stopped before she said any more, before it started again, the bickering and quarreling that had become so frequent. She came to sit in the chair across from him. Her eyes saw the droop that had come to his shoulders, and the graying edge to the hair that had been so bright a few years ago. "Oh, what's the use?" she said.

Bill looked up, anger in his blue eyes. "We'll have to pay it. If we don't, we'll lose the farm."

Kathie felt her anger rise. She played with the sugar bowl so that she would not have to meet his eyes. "You work hard, Bill, I know," she explained, "but so do I. I hoped that this year there would be enough to fix the place up. It's been so long. Everything is getting older, and shabbier, more faded. We are too, Bill." She looked up, urgency in her voice, trying to make him understand. "Can't you see it's making us old? We can't go on like this, year

after year, getting further behind all the time."

"I said we'd pay it, and we will. . . even if we go hungry." He sat there, his face flushed with anger.

Suddenly she wanted to hurt him. "Well," she got up, "you can if you want to, but count me out. You can go on living with patched clothes, and a water pail that has a piece of rag stuffed into the leak, and no money—but I won't." The stinging tears came, but she would not take it back. When she had her face under control and turned around, the chair across the table was empty.

"It's not fair to me," she said aloud in the quiet kitchen. "I'm going to do something about it in spite of him."

SHE was washing the dishes when the idea came to her. Bill will not be home until evening, she thought. He is plowing in the far field—if I phone right away—then have something concrete to offer Bill when he comes in tonight—She went to the phone.

She tried to keep the excitement out of her voice as she spoke to the real estate agent. "Mr. Johnson," she said, "Bill and I have decided to sell the farm. Is there anyone you know who might be interested?"

She put the thought of Bill out of her mind as she hurried about tidying the house. The man would want to see it and over the farm. Johnson had said he would send the man out right away, a Mr. Carter, who was in the market for some land.

She was standing in the doorway when the car drove into the yard. Mr. Carter came to the door in long strides. "Mrs. Walters?" he inquired.

"Yes," Kathie smiled, "I'm Mrs. Walters. Mr. Walters is in the fields, but I can show you over the farm."

She took him to see the barn. It had been built during their first year, she explained. Bill had always said the

barn was the best of the lot, but they would soon have all the other buildings to match it. They had been going to build the others, but the first year had been tough. . . .

Carter looked it over carefully. "It's a good barn," he smiled, the easy smile of a man who has never felt the pinch of hard times, "but the sills on the south side would have to be replaced."

THE sills on the south side. . . . It had been warm that evening, and Bill had been rushed, anxious to get on with the seeding next day. Kathie could see him kneeling there in the black earth, fitting the timber sills. He had looked up at her with his young smile full of assurance, his gold hair bright in the spring sunshine, making a picture that came to Kathie now across the years. "This wood is old," Bill said, "but I'll replace it with new timbers in the fall when the crop comes in." Kathie remembered how she had bent to hug the bright head. There had been no gray in it then. . . .

Carter was standing there, and she realized that he had spoken to her. "I'm sorry," she apologized, "what was it you said?"

The assured smile came again. "I'd like to see the well," he repeated, "always like to find out what the water is like on a place I'm thinking of buying."

Carter pulled the rope, and the squeaking pulley brought up the water, cold from the deep well. He drank from the old, wooden bucket. "Ah!" his mouth came up, little drops of cool water clinging to his moustache, "That water's good." He turned to her with a question. "Why didn't you have a pump installed?"

Kathie had been a bride then. She had thought all wells had pumps.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



"Bill?" She remembered her astonishment at the rope hanging over the edge, secured to the side of the cribbing so that it would not fall into the well. "Where's the pump?" she had asked. She remembered Bill's laugh, the warm light in his eyes. "Darling," his strong arms had enfolded her; "there just isn't enough money for one yet." She had felt loved and protected, and they had laughed together at her ignorance. They pulled up a pail of water, and drank together from the new wooden bucket.

"The bucket is getting rather seedy," Carter remarked pleasantly.

Yes, it was, and one of these years it would fall to pieces, and the staves would lie there under the winter snows and in the spring rains, until the wood that their lips had touched that day would be a memory.

"Yes, it is," Kathie said, suddenly. "Would you like to see the house?"

He looked it over carefully but made no comment. It wasn't much of a house. Kathie could see that through his eyes. They had meant to build a real house after that first year. "Next year," Bill's eyes had teased, "a castle, when we sell the wheat—at least twenty rooms."

"No, Bill," she remembered how they had stood back and looked at the small cottage, "just a little bigger, that's all. I want a sun porch and another bedroom."

CARTER told her his plans when they went out to see the near field. "I don't think this country was ever meant to grow wheat, Mrs. Walters. If I buy this place, I shall sow some good, tough grass on this land. I'll rip out those buildings." He waved his arm across the small house and sheds as though they were already gone. "Should make a wonderful place to start raising sheep. This country was never meant for raising grain, in my opinion." He looked at Kathie. "I suppose your husband has discovered the same thing, Mrs. Walters? Is he going to get work in the city?"

It was then that Kathie did what she had seen Bill do so often. She did not realize that she had picked it up until she felt the black earth in her hand. Her fingers crumbled it slowly the way Bill's did. "No," she said, then she was explaining, defending. "You're wrong, Mr. Carter. This is good land." She felt the black earth, warm in her hand. "It

means bread to feed the hungry nations. We get wheat when we get rain. When it doesn't rain, we have hard times, but the rains come, and the wheat grows, and it feeds us and the hungry folk in Europe. It grows, Mr. Carter. That's what this land was meant to do, to produce bread."

It was after he had driven away that she realized she still held the earth in her hand. She looked at it as if for the first time. Yes, she thought, and Bill is a part of it, and so am I. We are part of the land. Our lives are woven into it, and into this farm. We could never leave. And suddenly she was happy.

* * *

Bill's voice came to her, drugged with tiredness. "I made the payment today, Kathie. The man came out to see me."

Her hand found his. "I know, Bill. I knew you would."

"You're not angry?"

"No, Bill." His arms came around her. Next year, she thought, and if not then, then the next, and Bill beside her always! They could do without a new water pail. She could still feel the strength of the earth in her hand.



TRUTH—THE MASTER'S TOUCH

(James J. Unopulos, Jr. Published by the author, 326 pages.)

THIS is the simple story of a man who set out in quest of truth, and to his great joy found it in the Church restored by the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is thrilling because the author has made it very human, even to telling his love story. It touches the heart as it seems to tell the experiences of our own lives. It is truly faith promoting.

As the story proceeds, the claims of the Church, as discovered by the author, are laid bare by chapter and verse. This gives it distinct missionary value and makes it helpful to all who try to teach the gospel to others. It is really the author's fervent testimony to the truth of the restored gospel—and a good one.—J. A. W.

HEROES AND RENEGADES OF THE WEST

(Ezra C. Robinson. Published by the author, Bountiful, Utah. 1947. 150 pages. \$2.00.)

ASSEMBLED in this book are thirty-seven stories of early American adventurers, explorers, and pioneers, from Daniel Boone to Ira Hatch. The sketches are brief and interesting. A number of pictures of Davis County worthies embellish the book.—J. A. W.

MIRABEAU

(Antonina Vallentin. The Viking Press, New York. 1948. 542 pages. \$5.00.)

THIS biography of the man whose forcefulness assured the success of the French Revolution is most illuminating. His turbulent life cannot be worthy of emulation, but his fight for freedom, his brilliant writing for the rights of humanity can be admired timelessly. The amazing feature of his life is that in spite of its frustration he

could maintain his reason and his enthusiasm for freedom of spirit.

One very notable by-product of the book would be to determine that our homes be such that no child of ours will either err or suffer from a poor home environment.

Written in the inimitable style of a qualified and interesting writer, the book is also complete with an adequate index and bibliography.—M. C. J.

SHOCK AND COMPENSATION (Irvin Woodbury Harmon. Published by the author, 123 N. Everett, Glendale, California. 1947. 143 pages.)

BIOGRAPHY, especially when mingled with autobiography, interests everybody. When it recites the battle of life, whether among the humble or the high, it awakens a heartfelt response from the reader, for all people are cast in a common mold. The simple, homely incidents of these life stories, sometimes of failure, sometimes of success, but always of the rewards that follow faith and sacrifice, among several generations of the same family, are really a review of life in the West, notably in Utah, among faithful, high-minded Latter-day Saints.

(Concluded on page 511)

With Explorer Scouts on the



1. Beginning to inflate one of the four rubber boats.

2. A boat partially inflated.

3. The first night the boats served as shelters from the rain.

1

2



the five thrilling days we spent on the river can be given here.

"It's too thick to drink and too thin to plow," is the way someone described the Colorado as we reached its banks after an all-day journey by bus through scenic San Juan County over a seldom-traveled cow-path road from Blanding to

Hite. But even the muddy water was a welcome sight, and it took little time to unload our gear, inflate the boats, and prepare supper.

We were assured it wouldn't rain. It never rains on the river, we were told, at this season of the year. Nevertheless, rain started falling while we were still eating supper, and after several hours of intermingled drizzles and downpours we were convinced that we had been misinformed. But in spite of the fact that we came unprepared for rain, various types of shelters were made and a dry, comfortable night was spent.

MORNING came, and still the rain fell. At nine o'clock, after waiting several hours for the sky to clear, the leaders decided we must "hit the river" in spite of the rain, so after prayer the four crews rowed the boats into the current at mile 165,¹ and the big adventure was begun. Nor did we have to wait long for the excitement to start. Just a few miles down the river, while we were running the Trachyte Rapids, the drizzle turned into a torrential downpour, and within a few minutes everyone was soaked to the skin. The remark made by someone that

¹On the river Lees Ferry is mile 0, and all distances up and down the river are measured from there.



3

ABOUT NOON on a June day in 1948, our four rubber landing barges were quartered upstream on the Colorado River two miles below Lees Ferry, Arizona, and the crews, working as one man, rowed toward shore. When the boats were landed and the twenty-seven Explorer Scouts and their leaders had jumped ashore, the fifth Explorer Scout expedition down "The River of No Return" from Hite, Utah, had been successfully completed.

Our expedition was sponsored and supervised by the South Salt Lake Stake. Andrew C. (Andy) Adams, Senior Scout commissioner, was leader, John L. Cross, who is now a veteran of six river trips, was guide. Every member of our group was a Latter-day Saint; each office in the priesthood was represented. Only a mention of the highlights of 502



4. Drifting down the river.

5. One of the four crews. Standing in the rear is "Andy" Adams, expedition leader.



5

Colorado *By Doyle L. Green*

ASS'T MANAGING EDITOR OF "THE IMPROVEMENT ERA"

everything was wet but the inside of our canteens was not entirely facetious as we had had no fresh water since about noon the day before. Our rubberized duffle bags stood us in good stead, keeping most of our food, sleeping bags, and extra clothing dry.

By the time we reached the Bert Loper hermitage at mile 150, however, the sky was clear, and the sun was shining. After drying out in the sunshine and by a large fire, and after eating and drinking our fill of semi-clear water, our spirits were soaring again. During the remainder of the trip the weather was perfect.

Continuing our "shakedown" run we passed Tickaboo Canyon, Tapestry Walls, and stopped for the night at Smith Fork, mile 132.

First stop next morning was at Moki Canyon, mile 125. The party hiked about a mile up the canyon in search of cliff dwelling ruins, and it was here that we had another few minutes of excitement. We were walking in line over a bar of seemingly solid, but wet sand, when it gave way. Within seconds six of the party had sunk into the sand up to their waists. Had we known at the time that it is unusual for a person to sink past his waist in quicksand and that the accounts of men being completely swallowed up in it are mostly fictitious, the experience would not have been so unpleasant.* As it was, we were quickly pulled out by other members of the party, and the search for cliff dwellings continued.

On another side trip up Lake

*The explanation is that the specific gravity of the human body is .95, while quicksand runs from 1.8 to 2. Unless the specific gravity of a live body is increased by extraneous weight, it will not sink. See *Boy's Life*, May 1948, p. 29.



10

Photographs by
the Author



9

Canyon, mile 113, we inspected a near-perfect "Moki" dwelling. The house, which was constructed of sandstone and a mud-like mortar, is in an excellent state of preservation after standing many hundreds of years. The corners and walls are as true as if they had been laid with the aid of spirit levels, and the grasses used to lash the ceiling joists down are still intact. This is but one of many cliff dwellings to be found along the river. Some are readily accessible; others are on ledges

(Continued on page 504)



8

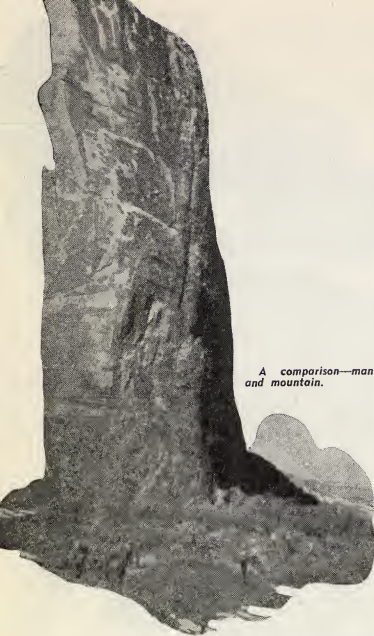


7



6

6. Looking east across the Colorado into San Juan County from the mesa above "Hole in the Rock."
7. Stopping for a rest.
8. All gear was packed in rubberized duffle bags.
9. Flapjacks for breakfast. Each boy did his own cooking.
10. Being rescued from quicksand.



A comparison—man and mountain.

Explorer Scouts

(Continued from page 503)

1,000 to 1,500 feet from the bottom and 200 feet or more from the top of nearly perpendicular cliffs, and are now inaccessible. In some cases steps in the sandstone walls are dimly visible, in other cases time and the elements have removed all traces of how the builders of these dwellings reached their homes.

But what was most welcome to the party was a small, cool, fresh water spring near the mouth of the canyon. This was the first good water we had found on the river. The rains and high level of the river had turned the clear water streams into rivulets of mud.

Poison ivy! I had never seen it grow so profusely or so high as it was growing at Hole in the Rock, which we reached the next day. But our leaders had made adequate preparation; they painted our hands, arms, necks, faces, and legs with tannic acid before we started the two-mile-long hike to the top of the mesa which stretched to the west two thousand feet above the river. Every step up the slope where the road was built, where two hundred steps were chiseled in solid sandstone, where the crack was widened with hammer, chisel, and powder,

stirred our hearts and increased our wonderment of the gigantic feat of the men and women of the San Juan Mission.³

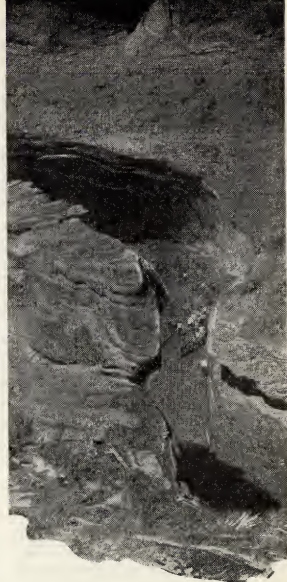
THE following morning, at mile 70, we hiked six miles up Aztec and Bridge canyons to the Rainbow Bridge, a massive arch of red sandstone, reported to be the largest natural arch ever discovered. An inspection of the register revealed that since 1920 only 5,490 persons, or fewer than 200 a year, had visited this bridge, one of the most glorious of nature's scenic wonders.

At mile 53 we encountered eight to ten foot sand waves for about one-fourth of a mile. Our guide reported these to be the largest waves he had seen on five trips on the river.

The night was spent at the historic "Crossing of the Fathers" at mile 41. At an evening campfire the story of Father Escalante was related.

As the crews pulled their boats in for the landing at Lees Ferry next day, I marveled at the development that had taken place within this group of young men during those five days on the river. For the first time in their lives, many of them had been placed in a situation which demanded teamwork. Every turn of the river, in addition to revealing a new, inspiring sight, brought addi-

³For further descriptions see "Hole in the Rock," THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, v. 43, p. 18; "Hole in the Rock," chapter XI, THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, v. 50, p. 708.



Searching for cliff dwellings in Moki Canyon.

tional problems of boatmanship and demonstrated more convincingly the need for cooperation. The vastness and solitude of the country, the religious services, the stories of the pioneers, the climbing of Hole in the Rock and the multitude of other experiences I feel certain have had an influence for good in the lives of these Explorers that will make them

(Continued on page 529)



Above: Near-perfect dwelling in Lake Canyon. Guide John L. Cross is in center, right.

Right: Landing at Lees Ferry, Arizona.



"Faith Is a Short Cut"

Let's Talk It Over

By MARY BRENTNALL

A GROUP of us were talking about efficiency—about time, about how long it takes to iron a shirt, and about making a bed in two minutes—"Yes, really making, not just throwing together." A young missionary sauntered over. He'd been home about a month and had his eyes on Mary who was in our group. Mary didn't seem to know very much about ironing shirts or making beds—"other than my own," she said—but it was she who had started us on our discussion by her explanation of electric typewriters with their sensitive, fast touch, and ability to make many carbons at one typing. Jane had chimed in to explain the new short cuts in arithmetic—she teaches the baffling subject—and the rest of us began to feel the need for "keeping up" with Mary and Jane and so had opened our pet subjects of ironing and bed-making.

We were deep in housekeeping methods when the missionary joined us. We'll call him Blair though, of course, that wasn't his real name. He listened carefully, hanging around in the hope, I suppose, that Mary would get tired of our talk fest and give him a chance to take her home. I think perhaps Mary would have liked to do just that, but she didn't right away. Maybe she was playing hard-to-get, or maybe she felt a little awkward and didn't know quite what to do, or maybe she was interested in our talk and didn't mind keeping him waiting. Anyway she stayed, and he stayed, and I moved over and gave him a chair just in time for him to insert himself neatly into our women's conclave by saying:

"It's funny how interested everyone is in the efficiency of minds and hands—the world is spellbound over new methods and over machines that speed the job—yet few are interested in spiritual efficiency."

If there had been any bitterness in his voice, I would have felt that he was just talking, perhaps harboring a picture of slammed doors and street hecklers, but it was said so cheerfully that I felt he must have

something special in mind, and so I waited for him to continue. We all waited, but he said no more. He must have been aware, however, that he had stopped our little discussion dead in its tracks. Maybe he meant to do just that because Mary rose almost at once and started to leave. But the rest of us hung onto him a little.



"We'd like to hear more, Blair. Just what do you mean?" said Jane.

"Yes, tell us," we all chorused.

"I was just thinking of faith. It seems to me to be the greatest short cut ever devised." Blair was smiling as he took hold of Mary's arm, and the two left.

A DOZEN TIMES after that I wanted to ask Blair for a little amplification. His remark was thought-provoking, but I felt that I needed guidance in keeping my thinking in the direction he intended—if he had any intention. But life became very busy for me just then, and Blair married Mary, and the two of them went away to school, and I was left to puzzle over his suggestion. And puzzle I did!

Then one morning Anne Crandall was telling me about the birth of her baby. She had been confident, happy, and reasonably well, but toward

the end something had gone wrong, and she found herself almost engulfed in a sense of complete exhaustion. She was aware that serious consultation was taking place, and nervousness over this increased her fatigue.

"With all the strength I could command," she told me, "I appealed to my Heavenly Father. I told him that I felt that I had done all that I could, that from then on this birth was completely in his hands. After that I felt as relaxed as if I were a child again in my mother's arms." And in a very little while the baby had been born normally and fairly easily. Was that, I wondered, what Blair had meant by a "short cut"? Was it an example of "spiritual efficiency"?

A little later Jim Mumford told me of his experience. He had been two thousand miles from home when a wire reached him telling of his father's serious illness and urging him to come as quickly as possible. He investigated air line, bus, and train schedules, finding them all inconvenient and delaying. He called in faith on his Heavenly Father for help and then decided to try to make a plane which left in an hour from a city fifty miles away. He had no car or reservation, but he walked onto the road, was picked up by an automobile, driven by an air lines official who took him to the airport, secured space for him, and sped him on his way. The plane landed sixty miles from his home, but he was met by a friend who "just wondered if he might possibly be on that plane." He arrived forty-five minutes before his father died peacefully—greatly comforted by the presence of his son. It sounded to me a little like the "short cut" that Blair had talked about.

I RECALLED, too, the story of Nora Andrews. She was a brilliant student but found two months before she was to graduate that she was lacking a required language course. Someone had "slipped up" in checking her credits. She had an

(Continued on page 540)

MULEK of Zarahemla

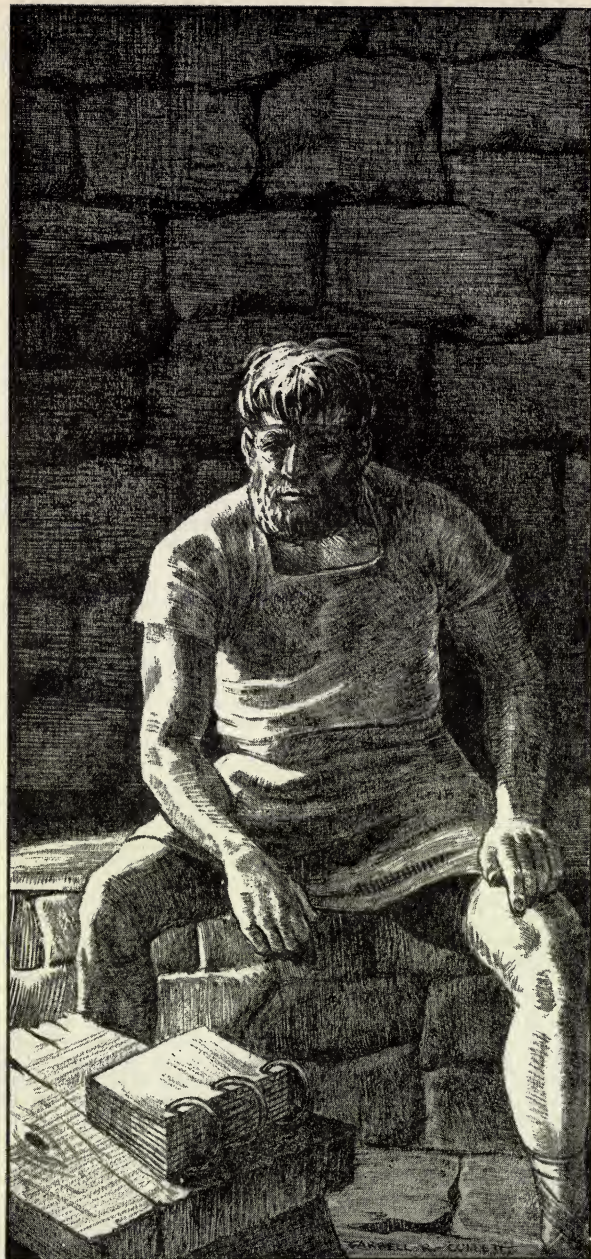
By J. N. WASHBURN

SYNOPSIS

MULEK loved Zarahemla, the city of his forefathers, where two factions were striving for power, one ruled by Amalickiah, a man of tremendous powers and winning manners, who had caused a rupture in the country, and one by Moroni, young chief captain of the armies of the Nephites, who went everywhere, encouraging, instructing, pleading with the people to unite in the country's defense. Accustomed to receiving the adulation of the people, Mulek was consumed with jealousy at his fall from favor. In order to call attention to himself he had mocked the priests of the church and allied himself with Amalickiah. Then, to win their praise he decided to support Moroni's projects. Mulek was eager to win the favor of the girl, Zorah, niece of Amram, a boatmaker. He devised ways of meeting her, but Zorah was too intent on the political unrest to be interested in him, and was lavish in her praise of Moroni, which added to Mulek's envy. He determined in some way to win Zorah's approval. When, therefore, one of his friends approached him with the idea that he become king—even as his forefathers had been kings—he entertained the thought. A general election was called for and granted by Pahoran, chief judge, concerning which kind of government was the more desirable. In the voting the king-men lost, at the very moment when Amalickiah led the Lamanites against the land. When the king-men were asked to support the government, they refused. Beside himself with worry, Pahoran sent word to Moroni, in the land of Bountiful, to come posthaste to the defense of Zarahemla. Moroni came with all speed to the defense of the capital. With great loss of life and devastation, the king-men were vanquished. Mulek, fighting to the last, was finally disarmed and dragged off to prison.

CHAPTER VIII

THE engagement ended, Moroni gave orders for his men to go about clearing away the wreckage, caring for the wounded, removing the dead. Nor would he leave the field even to see to his own needs until this necessary and humane work had been well undertaken. In the cool of evening he finally sought comfort and peace after having disposed of the necessary affairs. Many of the king-men who had escaped were to be hunted down. Those who were genuinely repentant should be given opportunity to redeem themselves. Prisoners were to be carefully held and watched. Widows and orphans were to be notified of their loss.



"He glanced at the book *Shiblon* laid left, but did not touch it."

One thing, among many others, troubled the captain. Pachus had disappeared. When Moroni received word of this, he was deeply regretful, for he knew this conflict was but the beginning, not the end, as he had dared to hope; for while the arch-traitor lived, there would be no rest for the nation. He, like Amalickiah, was all bad.

For days after the destruction of his army and the failure of his cause, Mulek was more like the fabrication of a dream than like a man of flesh and blood. He had been wounded, not severely, but many times, and infection, fever, and intense pain made heavy demands upon his strength and spirit. Through days and nights of torture he lay on his rough bed in the cell, staring upward, breathing unnaturally, neither knowing nor caring what happened, whether he was to live or to die.

When at last he was pronounced well, he was vastly altered. Physically he was but a shadow of his former self. His hair and beard had grown, and he rejected all offers to have them cut. His eyes were sunken and dull; his cheeks, thin and pale. A long livid scar showed prominently on his chin. His flesh was gone to the extent that he was wrinkled and wan. He looked like a different man. He was different.

He never smiled and seldom spoke, at no time more than was necessary for essential communication. Recovered from his delirium, he would stand for hours looking from his prison into the world outside. Loss of freedom, hope, wealth, and friends left him little in which to be interested.

THE hardest trial of all came to him one day after his recovery. He was informed that his mother, shortly after his fall, while yet he lay senseless, had died suddenly from the shock of his actions. Mulek had never had occasion or reason to think deeply about life. He had in a very real sense lived only on the edge of it. Pampered and soothed, denied the toughening experiences of the world, he had never really known what his mother had been to

him. Now he began to realize it, and the realization was harsh and cruel. It restored him in some degree to reality, and thereafter he commenced again to take interest in his surroundings.

He was not surprised that his former acquaintances and friends did not come to see him, knowing what kind of friends they were. Many of them, of course, were dead. Those who had survived, for any number of reasons, would not come. Now that he was in disfavor, now that no benefits could follow their interest, they had made other associations.



Mulek turned to the window.

He was almost wholly alone. His only contacts were with his guards and attendants who at regular intervals visited him to bring the necessities of life and to watch, after a fashion, over his welfare. Nor would he have it otherwise. He had lost everything but pride; he would keep that.

As news of the Lamanite invasion and the resulting war was brought to the capital, Mulek became more and more eager to hear of it. He began to question his guards concerning every detail. He was not sure why he was so deeply con-

cerned. He had not thought to analyze his feelings, but as the days wore on, he found himself feeling uneasy at the strength and progress of the Lamanites. This surprised him. He had supposed that he would welcome word of the discomfiture of his people, of Moroni in particular. One day, after a longer silence than usual, he called the guard and requested that his lawyer, a friend named Nephi, be brought to him.

Next day the guard, Amnigaddah, as soon as he came on duty, entered the prisoner's cell.

"It is with deep regret," he declared without preface, "that I inform you that the lawyer Nephi is dead."

"Dead? How did this come about?"

"He fell, fighting at his captain's side in the . . ." The man was about to say "recent rebellion" but coughed instead and let his voice trail off. Mulek's cheeks flamed red.

"I understand," he replied, with the air of a man who understood a great deal.

Later in the day he asked for another lawyer and gave his name. Amnigaddah did not wait for night but sent another at once to make inquiries concerning this Shazer. The messenger returned shortly with word that Shazer was fighting in the east. Everything Mulek saw or heard rebuked him, condemned him. He, too, should even now be fighting in his country's cause.

At night he asked a third time for a lawyer. "I give you leave to bring what man soever you will." He spent a sorrowful evening and a fitful night, dreaming of things that brought him only pain whether they were happy or otherwise.

Next day a lawyer was brought to him. Cezoram was an elderly man, but his mind was clear and vigorous. He walked with a limp from a Lamanite arrow lodged in his hip. He greeted the prisoner courteously and asked in what he could be of service.

"I am sorry I am unable to offer you hospitality more fitting your honor," Mulek began.

(Continued on page 535)

ON JUNE 21, 1948, four hundred and forty-three missionaries, the largest group of missionaries in the history of the Church, came together at the Mission Home in Salt Lake City for final instructions before leaving for their fields of labor. Filled with the zeal of their calling, they attended the various classes and were later set apart for their missions.

This gathering presents quite a contrast to the early-day missionaries who, few in numbers, set out without purse or scrip to try to reach the people of the world. These early missionaries, more often than not, left their families without sufficient supplies to carry them during the period of absence, but they trusted in the Lord, and that trust was not misplaced. They traveled to their destination afoot or on slow boats, but they did touch the hearts of many people whose descendants today number into the hundreds and bless the names of those early-day missionaries who suffered untold hardships to carry the message of the gospel into the states of the Union and to foreign countries.

During the decades the world has changed, and while the principles of the gospel have remained the same, the Church has found with its increased membership it can and should send more missionaries into the world. If the increased numbers will be as diligent as were the early few, then indeed will the revelation of Joseph Smith come true:

For behold the field is white already to harvest; and lo, he that trusteth in his sickle with his might, the same layeth up in store that he perisheth not, but bringeth salvation to his soul. (D. & C. 4:4.)

Even though "the field is white already to harvest," the missionaries will find that they must follow the admonition included in the promise: "he that trusteth in his sickle with his might." Apathy has never been the way of the Church in any of its activities, and it certainly cannot be the way of missionaries. If these missionaries work and study and pray and teach as diligently as they who went in the early days, think

what the harvest of souls will be!

PROBABLY there has never been a time when more people have been trying to find something to which they can cling. They want to replace fear with hope and hate with love. The atomic bomb shattered man's belief in his ability to control his own destiny, and many are ready as they have seldom been ready before to learn about a Supreme Being who rules the universe for good in spite of what man may do. And the answer has not been found in manmade religions. But it can be found in the true religion, if the missionaries will but prepare themselves that they may be the true conveyors of it. What qualities they need to cultivate are given to them in this same revelation.

With this great group of missionaries who left the home June 30, added to the 4,316 who are already at work in the field, surely the work of the Lord will prosper.



Largest L.D.S. Missionary

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME JUNE 21, AND DEPARTING JUNE 30, 1948

Reading from left to right, first row: Allan S. Humphreys, Gordon Kay Jensen, Doyle L. Johnson, Dwayne A. Williams, Paul C. Moore, Gordon S. Wallace, Aro Frost, Dell Klinger, Roland Beck, Fred A. Hill, Dara L. Thacker, Dean D. Roberts, Burnett J. Smith, Roy Winn, A. Robert Perschman, Bab Willis, Melvin T. Smith.

Second row: George Damstedt, Junior L. Bates, Paul L. Martin, DeLyle Beckstrand, Wayne H. Swenson, Richard E. Nilsen, David E. Bean, Lavon Jay Powell, Robert Halmes, Don Leo Calder, Glen H. Collier, Bill Newton, LeRoy Huntington, Lowell Larsen, Feril A. Losee, Glen W. Lee, Clarence L. Grover, Marvin J. Andersen, Walter Ray Sutter, Max Winward, Donald E. Belnap, Bryan J. Rensstrom.

Third row: Ellen G. Soranson, Thelma Riggs, Helen Thomas, Lucile B. Rhodes, Gerald R. Dean, Rowland A. Larkin, Peter G. Russell, William W. Carlstan, Jayleen Hale, Mrs. Golden Hale, Golden H. Hale, Grace McEwen, Beverly Roache, Thelma Wynn, Beth Wilcken, Beth Swainston, Thelma Francis, Eva Perrett, Twyla Nilsson, Helen J. Chapman, Glenda Hunger, Shirley Fowles.

Fourth row: Martha Keller, Murray Grant Green, Charles Low Hyde, George D. Pincock, S. Joyce Petrie, M. Ruth Holman, Cleda Auger, Ray Soderberg, Florence Webb, David Robert Batt, Don B. Colton, director, Joseph J. Johnson, Ruth Ann Hunter, Donald R. Olsen, Sarah Walsey, Beverly Keller, Yarena Lambert, Barbara Robinson, Darathy Mae Wood, Mildred Hurst, Glen Robertson, Frank B. Matheson.

Fifth row: Zetta Critchfield, Theron P. Folsom, Kenneth T. Lindsay, Glen Huish, Grant Stringham, William R. Pratt, Ivan J. Watts, Arnold L. Richards, Melvin W. Carter, Thomas Joseph Thomsen, Lewis G. Bowen, Grace C. Bowen, Marjorie A. Child, Margaret Anderson, LaVaun Paxman, LaVae Kearsley, Hazel D. Vance, Rama R. Mortimer, Carina June Mendenhall, Verla L. Sandstrom, Donald F. Bishop.

Sixth row: Dean P. Wilberg, Jerry Hayes, David B. Castleton, Alan E. Allred, Joel E. Leetham, Warren

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



Class in History

D. Astin, Robert W. Gardner, Frank Johnson, Dean H. Wright, Jesse R. Edleson, E. Nelson Cordon, Marion Stricker, Norma Gibbs, Lucille Layton, Mrs. Ruth S. Menzies, Margaret Joyce Isaac, Mrs. Lillian W. Bigler, Elizabeth Engelbrecht, Lois Cahoon, Vernetta Hale, Gladys Holt.

Seventh row: Dallas O. Peterson, Thomas E. Robinson, Russell G. Williams, Max W. Swanson, Gomer J. Arnold, John B. Harris, Don C. Hunsaker, LeRoy N. Barker, David Leovitt, Richard Barker, Sherol Duffin, Beverly Booth, Jane May Bonham, Louise Gene Hiatt, Hazel G. Nelson, Jay Graham, Ruth A. Hendricks, Geneva Carico, David G. Kurr, Robert J. Sumsion, Verna Vintrose.

Eighth row: John Blod Cook, Ralph D. Marsden, Clark Fawson, Lorin D. Wiggins, Cyril Call, Robert B. Day, L. Byron Adams, Richard F. Nelson, William H. Russell, Laurence W. Fish, Mark M. Jensen, Wesley J. Morris, Arthur A. Fawers, Florence Hamp, Irma Knudson, Ivan M. Iversen, Austin L. Allred, Elaine V. Sohn, Alice June Speakman, Lathel V. Gonnell, Geraldine Judd, Hyrum Schick.

Ninth row (A): Blair S. Kenney, Charles Bird, Jay W. Call, Deloss Child Staker, Ronald Eugene Christensen, David Wendell Boden, David Clyde Wixon, Arthur C. Stollings, Stephen B. Nebeker, Richard E. Webb, Quinn G. McKay, Donald Dean Jackson, Delmar Phillip Johnson, Ralph S. Child, Robert Timmerman, Reid Belnap, Orson D. Wright, Glenison E. Johnson.

Tenth row (A): Scott A. Speakman, Calvin O. Dyer, Lawrence M. Layton, Bryant L. Brady, J. LaMar Jensen, David W. Horsley, Fon E. Cook, C. Ralph Jesson, Ralph C. Willie, Sidney Jay Nebeker, Frank Petersen, Dale H. Olesen, Conrad A. Harvard, Mark L. Money, Richard L. Finlison, Dennis Visser, Frank L. Hall.

Tenth row (B): Keith Reid Allred, Robert Clark, Lee Knell, John Teichert, Homer M. LeBaron, Stanley B. Cammack, H. Reed Cammack, Donald W. Fowler, Lloyd Zabriskie, Van B. Hales, Mark A. Madsen, Ronald H. Bodily, Leo Hal Parker, Harold Aldous, Homer M. Jensen, Jerry Maloney, Rulon Teerlink.

Eleventh row: Sherwin Clive Nelson, Edward J. Berrett, Jay R. Lowe, E. LaVoy Thomas, Reed L. Campbell, Glen W. Garrett, E. Kelly Korih, A. Juan

Munk, John E. Gundersen, Grant R. Hardy, Carl R. Saunders, Jay D. Salmon, Glen V. Holley, Maurice D. Bayman, Donald Sorensen, Marilyn L. Fife.

Twelfth row: J. Duane Dudley, Eldon Aitken, John W. McLaughlin, Clyde Ray Hatch, Odeen R. Andersen, Virgil J. Parker, Richard G. Grant, David T. Callahan, Fred David Quilter, William C. Bowsen, Robert A. Bennett, Norman Smith, Allen Anderson, Aksel Anderson, Joe Samsen, Richard C. Watkins, Alfred E. Smith, Wade Showcroft.

Thirteenth row: Calvin M. Steedman, Earl G. Bladh, C. Boyd McKean, Vernon Taylor, Alan C. Clark, Douglas B. Lawson, Mark P. Shumway, Hyrum Clarence Thomas, Stanley L. DeJong, Ronald Davis Venema, Ronald Farr, Elden S. Porter, Fay Calvin Packard, Reed D. Shupe.

Fourteenth row: Gale Halladay, William Mass, George Aposhian, A. Jack Ehlers, Merlin Bunkall, James A. Maxwell, Arthur C. Wiscomb, Stanton E. Schmutz, Thomas A. Duffin, John K. M. Olsen, Gene Kunz, Victor W. Purdy, Betty Matis, Bill S. Henrie, Doyle W. Hyde.

Fifteenth row: Henry M. Vandenberg, Glenn H. Thomas, Noel A. Howall, Willard C. Dixon, Marion Manson, Leon C. Clark, James Winegar, Robert D. Knight, Jack D. Strong, Sterling W. Lewis, Mark H. Bigler, H. Kay Mortensen, J. Gordon Knudsen, M. Douglas Kimball, Oliver D. Doines, Denzil W. Hansen, Phillip Ray Snelgrove, Leland Main Perry, John B. Christensen, Richard O. Whitehead, M. LaRue Wilding, Jack Backbone, J. R. Connell, Jr.

Sixteenth row: Jesse R. Coombs, Heber Hardy, Jack R. Burgess, James Lynn Nilsson, Donald A. Brown, Joseph C. Richards, James C. Wootton, William A. Eornshaw, Charles W. Ashmore, Ralph Estima Culler, Clyde A. Parker, Noe Welling, Dean W. Hurst.

Seventeenth row: John William Powell, Andrew Coras, Darryl R. Talbot, Arlo J. Nelson, David Smith Taylor, Merrill Charles Fox, Jr., James B. Allen, James Y. McGroger, Sherill W. Wakefield, James R. Dale, Donald J. Spencer, George T. Stromberg, Charles R. Smart.

Eighteenth row: Ray R. Louder, Karl D. Hutchin-

son, DeLamar Jensen, Robert M. Simonsen, Jay B. Williams, Theron Mackay, Theon M. Tharley, L. Bernell Smith, Wallace D. Sjoberg, Richard E. Harris, Richard T. Van Orden, Varon Jensen, Lehl T. Smith, Keith J. Morris, Arrel D. Martin, Collins Chapman, Evan Stevenson, Emerson Brinton, Ned Helpensine, Clair Andrus, Vern L. Marble, Lynn Richards, Robert Etnish, Kenneth J. Fredrickson, Maibon L. Christensen.

Nineteenth row: John Anderson, Reed Ormond, DeVere E. Walker, Dee Jay Brady, Robert Lee Blackhurst, Howard Millerberg, G. Gilbert Smith, Dallas Keller, Delbert Ned Helpensine, J. Leonard Harmon, John L. Bowden, B. LaMar Williams, McRae H. Gardner, David Gill Warner, Leland Ericson, Queed Weiler, Robert Manson.

Twentieth row: Douglas C. Duncan, Whitney R. Checketts, Garth D. Manson, Glade S. Price, Alden M. Swan, Burdell Merrell, Harold H. Stout, Melvin J. Westover, Gerald E. Smith, Oliver W. Burk, Royal Thair Carver, Jack R. Wallis, Quentin Woolley.

Twenty-first row: Joel J. Dunn, James M. Duffin, Boyd C. Brinton, Kenneth B. Noble, Wilbert R. Bentley, Orson Kenneth Claridge, Lavon H. West, Callis R. Harms, Armand J. Bird, Jay S. Robinson.

Twenty-second row: Ray Jay Davis, Frank McAllister Ramsey, Merrill R. Bails, Scott A. Hurst, John A. Thomas, Melvin M. Farr, Gene P. Manson, Quinton S. Harris.

Twenty-third row: Alfred B. Stucki, LaVarr William Coats, David W. Bennett, Glenn Boyer, John Bennett, William Ramon Frim, Richard D. Rogers, Robert F. Owens, John H. Bennett.

East Balcony: Ralph C. Wheeler, Richard I. Grape, Glen W. Droney, Joseph H. Barton, Bruce Belnap, Keith M. Page, Leslie Dahl Gleave, Orvil Ray Warner.

West Balcony: Roy Pixon Beck, Joel A. Sedgwick, Thomas R. Laraway, Ray G. Slauch, Reed B. Day, Andrew Gibbons, Ferron J. Blake, A. William Gallagher, Joseph Dean Jones, Richard H. Hardy, William E. Anderson, Garth P. Manson, Whitney Checketts.

the spoken word

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

By RICHARD L. EVANS

Where Are You Going?

THERE is an exceedingly important question that parents repeatedly ask young people: "Where are you going?" And even though a youngster may become impatient, it is important that parents ask it, and it is important that they receive a straight and open answer. An evasive answer is often an introduction to trouble. Sometimes people have definite destinations in mind, which they don't object to discussing. Sometimes people, young and old, simply don't want to account for their intended course. And sometimes they don't really know where they are going; they are just drifting. "Where are you going" is an important question every time we venture forth from the family fireside, every time we undertake any activity, every time we travel with any crowd or company. We are all going somewhere all the time. Even when we are physically inactive, we are going in our thoughts. We are planning what we want to do or hope to do. "Where are you going" is a question that young people should answer as they leave school and as they enter upon their life's work. Indeed, one of the most important days in the life of anyone is the day he decides on some definite and desirable destination and begins moving toward it. And if more people had asked more youngsters where they were going more often, there would be fewer disappointments today. And if more people had faced the facts more squarely about where their own activities were taking them, there would be fewer misfortunes. Either we are going ahead or we are going behind. Either we are wasting time or we are putting it to a good pur-

pose. Either we are going in good company or we are going in bad company. And people who go to the wrong places with the wrong people, issue an open invitation to trouble. We all ought to ask ourselves where we are going every day, because to be going where we ought to be going is one of the greatest safeguards in life. It isn't good for anyone to drift without having to account for his course and conduct. One of the simplest formulas for keeping out of trouble and for making the most of life is to have a definite and desirable destination, and to be going there in the right kind of company.

—June 6, 1948.

Pulling At the Pillars

THERE is a proverb from *The Persians* that reads: "When a man takes the road to destruction, the gods help him along." Certainly tearing things down is easier than building them up. "Rome wasn't built in a day," but it could easily be destroyed in a day. Almost anyone can pull things to pieces, but it requires time and patience and purpose to put the pieces in place. Nevertheless there are those who are persistent in pulling things down—not only physical things, but also ideals and principles, and even the foundations of faith—and not only the present, but there are those who seem to be set on pulling down the past also. There are those who would discredit all the motives of

altruistic men; those who would cast doubt on great documents. There are those who would prove that all the masterpieces of the past were not the work of the men whose names appear upon them. There are those who would discredit every hero of history. There are those who would loosen the footing of every foundation on which men place their faith. And unfortunately there are too many who are too willing to listen to those who are against everything that is. Of course, no one would question the right of an honest investigator to delve into any inquiry of common concern. And certainly all error and untruth should be exposed—whether past or present. But there are some who pursue the purposes of destruction who know, before they begin, what they intend to find, who know what they propose to prove. There are some who disregard all evidence that leads in any direction except the direction they want to go, and who ignore all opinion that points anywhere except toward their own opinion or purpose. We presume much when we presume on inconclusive evidence to tear down anything that has stood the test of time—especially when we tear it down without putting something better in its place. A man should be exceedingly sure of his ground before he makes any utterance that would tend to tear down any time-honored principle or ideal or to strike at the foundations of men's faith. And he who does may, like Sampson, find that he is pulling at the pillars that support the roof over his own head; and he may find himself in the wreckage of his own destructive design.

(Concluded on page 511)
—June 13, 1948.

¹Aeschylus: *The Persians*, 490 B.C.

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HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATION-WIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN TIME, 10:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 9:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 8:30 A.M. PACIFIC TIME.

A "Wide" Experience

SOMETIMES young people in a venturesome spirit seek to acquire an acquaintance with questionable practices, questionable places and questionable people—not with the idea of becoming involved in any unsavory situation, but just to "see" another side of life. Sometimes they suppose themselves to be immune to the taint of the things they only lightly touch, and sometimes they justify themselves in seeking unseemly sights, in frequenting unwholesome places, and in "sampling" questionable things on the ground that such pursuits "widen" their experience and "broaden" their knowledge of life. But, if this be logic, may we not then ask: Wouldn't we likewise be justified in robbing a bank for experience? Or in starting a forest fire for experience? Or in jumping off a building for experience? There are many things we might do merely for experience: for example, we never really know what it is like to be in a highway crash until we have been in one. But certainly no sane adviser of youth would suggest a crash as part of the recommended curriculum. Such experiences are scarcely to be sought after just to learn what they are like. And yet, to suggest that seeking or sampling questionable things is justified for winning a wider acquaintance with life is as irrational as to suggest that we invite any danger or disaster just to know what it is like. Our memories are what they are because of all our actions and impressions—because of all the people we have known, all the things we have heard, all the sights we have seen, all the thoughts we have thought, and all the things we have done. And if we mix mud with what goes through the mind of man, it is still mud, even if it is called "experience," and it still discolours all it touches. There are some things which even to touch (yes, even to see) are contaminating. And whenever we deliberately and needlessly seek out such things, we may momentarily fool ourselves—but we can't fool the markings on our memories. There are some experiences in life, which, even though allegedly "broadening," we would do well to do without.

—June 20, 1948.

The Facts Behind the Face

SOMETIMES we wonder what makes men act the way they act and do the things they do. But it is difficult to know what goes on inside another person. And because we don't know, it is exceedingly easy to misjudge other men. We often see the outward effect, but frequently we fail to see the inward cause. Sometimes we observe a man who gives evidence of being embittered, who is persistently unpleasant, and we may wonder how he got that way. But unless we know his whole life, the factors and influences that have shaped him, we cannot fairly judge him. And we cannot know how we ourselves would act if we had been through similar circumstances. Sometimes people who are employed to perform some service are not as attentive to their assignments nor as considerate of those they are serving as it would seem they should be. And we may assume that they are deliberately sour and sullen. But they may have just come from a home where there is an unsolved family situation, where there is serious sickness or some cause for deep despondency. Often also we feel that even our friends are changeable. They sometimes seem pleasant and are sometimes distant and indifferent. We think they should be the same all the time. But it is not unlikely that we ourselves are as variable in our moods and manner as are our friends. All of us at times are deeply absorbed in our own perplexing problems. There is a complex story behind the face of every man we see. This is true of the clerk at the counter, of the man who makes deliveries, of our next door neighbor, and even of our own fast friends. It is so easy to misjudge others without knowing more about them than we usually know. There is an old tradition of the theatre that the show must go on. And good troupers often entertain audiences when their hearts are heavy. We have all experienced this in some degree. The show must go on, and it does—for most of us. We have to keep moving and meet many obligations whether we feel like it or not. We often have to go about our business no matter what kind of heart-breaks there are inside of us. And

surely we should be slow to pass judgment on other people until we know more of what is hidden in their hearts.

—June 27, 1948.

Bookrack

(Concluded from page 501)

Noble ideals and living faith are on every page. The book is uniquely written in what the author calls "free verse."—J. A. W.

CRITICS AND CRUSADERS

(Charles A. Madison. Henry Holt and Co., New York. 1947.

572 pages. \$3.50.)

IN his preface the author states, "The quest for freedom has been a basic characteristic of the American people from the very beginning." He then proceeds to deal with six groups of critics and crusaders who have helped make the United States more nearly what it should be. While we may not agree with the ideas of some of the people treated, we cannot help feeling that the author is sincere in his effort to make us aware of the fight for freedom and of the driving purpose of those whom he treats. In the words of one of the crusaders, John Peter Altgeld, we come to accept the idea: "Wrong may seem to triumph. Right may seem to be defeated. But the gravitation of eternal justice is toward the throne of God. Any political institution which is to endure must be plumb with the line of justice."

—M. C. J.

TAKE TIME FOR HUMAN ENGINEERING

(Raymond W. Miller, LL.D. World Trade Relations, Washington, D.C. 22 pages.)

IF business men, and others who deal with society, want a stimulating and helpful hour, let them read this booklet.

—J. A. W.

THIS IS THE STORY

(David L. Cohn. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Massachusetts. 1947. 563 pages. \$3.50.)

PACKED with human interest and political observations, this book will make enjoyable reading for the would-be traveler who is forced to remain at home or for the traveler who would have an insight into the countries where he may travel, through England, and eastern and central Europe. The author's experiences with the great and small of these countries make fascinating reading and point a way to better understanding of their inhabitants.—M. C. J.

Editorials

June Conference—1948

JUNE CONFERENCE always affords a tremendous impetus to those who attend it to go back into their wards or stakes and become more active in carrying forward the great Mutual program. The phenomenal feature to most persons who attended the general and the department sessions is that the concern of each activity is for the betterment of the entire group—not merely the advancement of the single individual at the expense of the group. The desire of the drama director, for instance, is to raise the entire level of the Church in its appreciation of plays and play production and not merely to permit some talented person to play the lead in some theatrical performance. In a world where competition has prevailed for a long time, this is a factor that proves refreshingly hopeful, together with the fact that the leaders in various groups feel more than adequately repaid for their efforts in the service that they render.

Spectacular as the recreation arts and the speech-music festivals were, they were not the outstanding feature of the great meet which brought to Salt Lake City leaders from all over the Church. The greatest feature was the spirit of testimony that dwelt in the hearts of the leaders and the participants whose lives have been enriched by the gatherings. Different though each testimony was, they were similar in at least one respect: those who bore them had found spiritual growth through their recreation.

To Latter-day Saints this may not seem so unusual, but to some not of our faith who attended, this was of tremendous significance. To them the words *recreation* and *spirituality* were at opposite poles so far as their understanding of the words was concerned. They knew that to innumerable persons the word *recreation* was synonymous with negative activities. When they witnessed the hundreds of young folk participating in the dance festival and in the music festival and learned that they did not indulge in drinking and smoking, when they listened to the testimonies of old and young, they were astounded. They were delighted with the fresh appearance of the girls and boys and with their apparent enjoyment of the activities in which they were engaged.

Another most unusual feature of the June conference program this year as in the years past is that there can be so great diversification of activity with such singleness of purpose. Whether the sessions deal with dance, drama, music, or speech,

whether they concern themselves with adolescents, young folk, or adults, there has always been one end in view—and only one—and that is to make better, happier lives for every member of the Church and for every person who comes in touch with the Mutual program.

This June conference was unusual in another respect too, for it was one of change in the leadership of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. This represents another unusual feature of the Church. There was gratitude to the outgoing president, Sister Lucy Grant Cannon, and her counselors and the general board; recognition for the former president, Sister Ruth May Fox and her counselors; and welcome to Sister Bertha Stone Reeder and her counselors and board. And there was the spirit of the gospel which bound all three groups together in genuine love and affection and respect.

Truly the spirit of the Lord lies in the Mutual when such tremendous results can stem from this truly inspired program.—M. C. J.

Qualities of Youth

WHAT is so glorious as youth today with their enthusiasm, their courage, their straightforwardness, and their sublime self-confidence? Youth need all of these characteristics to be able to foot the bill that life is chalking up for them.

Youth need to be enthusiastic, for the literal meaning of the word *enthusiasm* is "filled with the spirit of God." Therefore, when youth are truly enthusiastic, there can be no wrong-doing, for the inner spirit and their appeal to our Father in heaven to guide them would preclude evil.

Youth have need of courage. Today when advertisements for liquor and tobacco and some people state that it doesn't matter whether one takes a drink or not, whether one smokes or not, it takes real courage to stand out from the group. That kind of courage in youth will make them stand out from the crowd in later life. They will have learned to do their own thinking and to tackle the problems that confront them in this world of change. If youth learn early to make their own decisions and to consider every problem from every angle, in their adulthood they will find life much simpler in respect to temptations. A sentence from a radio recently blared this dangerous statement, "The best way to get a temptation out of one's system is to yield to it." The youth of the Church

(Concluded on page 517)

M. I. A. Theme 1948-49 "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."

Exodus 20:8

Evidences and Reconciliations

ccxv. What Is an Intelligence?

THE word *intelligence* as used by Latter-day Saints has two chief meanings, both found in the dictionary but of secondary use. First, a man who gathers knowledge and uses it in harmony with the plan of salvation is intelligent. He has intelligence. This meaning has been discussed in an earlier article in this series. Second, the word when preceded by the article *an*, or used in the plural as *intelligences*, means a person, or persons, usually in the spiritual estate. Just as we speak of a person or persons, we speak of *an intelligence*, or *intelligences*.

This second use of the word has come into being among Latter-day Saints because of a statement made by the Lord to the Patriarch Abraham:

... I rule in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, in all wisdom and prudence, over all the intelligences thine eyes have seen from the beginning; I came down in the beginning in the midst of all the intelligences thou hast seen.

Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones;

And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born.¹

This remarkable statement uses the words *intelligences*, *souls*, *spirits*, and *Abraham* (a man not yet on earth) interchangeably. Thus has come the frequent use in the Church of the term *an intelligence*, meaning usually a personage in the spirit world, who may come on earth.

Implied in the use of this term is the doctrine of pre-existence. It is a basic belief of the Church that man lived as a personal being before he came on earth. He was a spirit child of God, begotten by God. His life as a spirit in the heavenly domain is often spoken of as the first estate of man.

In this estate most of the spirit children of God grew toward perfection. They possessed the right of all the children of God to act for themselves, to accept or to reject any and every offering. When they had arrived at the proper degree of development, they were given the opportunity of further training through a mortal experience on earth.

Many eminent and faithful students of the revealed latter-day gospel have been led by the statement in the above quoted paragraph from the Book of Abraham to consider the very beginning

of man. This has led to an extension of the use of the term *an intelligence*. These students note that the Lord says:

... I rule in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, in all wisdom and prudence, over all the intelligences thine eyes have seen from the beginning; I came down in the beginning in the midst of all the intelligences thou hast seen.²

They also note the statements of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith:

Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be.

All truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all intelligence also; otherwise there is no existence. ...

The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth.³

Placing these and other statements together, these students have come to the conclusion that the essence of man, his very self, his ego, reaches back into the "beginning" of things, into the dim eternities beyond the comprehension of mortal man. In short, as far as human understanding goes, to these students man is an eternal entity in the past, as in the future.

For example, President Brigham Young says:

When was there a beginning? There never was one; if there was, there will be an end; but there never was a beginning, and hence there will never be an end.⁴

Mankind are organized of elements designed to endure to all eternity; it never had a beginning and never can have an end.⁵

The life that is within us is a part of an eternity of life, and is organized spirit, which is clothed upon by tabernacles, thereby constituting our present being.⁶

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, writing on this subject, adds:

Some of our writers have endeavored to explain what an intelligence is, but to do so is futile, for we have never been given any insight into this matter beyond what the Lord has fragmentarily revealed. We know, however, that there is something called intelligence which always existed. It is the real eternal part of man, which was not created or made. This intelligence combined with the spirit constitutes a spiritual identity or individual.⁷

Elder B. H. Roberts says:

There is in that complex thing we call man, an intelligent entity, uncreated, self-existent, indestructible, he—for that entity is a person; because as we shall see, he is pos-

(Concluded on page 542)

¹Q^op. cit.

²D. & C. 93:29-30, 36

³Discourses of Brigham Young, 1943 Edition, p. 47

⁴Ibid., p. 48

⁵Ibid., p. 49

⁶Joseph Fielding Smith, *The Progress of Man*,

Genealogical Society, Salt Lake City, 1936, p. 10

⁷Abraham 3:21-23

*"An ideal
food for
growing
youngsters"**



says a

LEADING PEDIATRICIAN

*From a letter
in our files

A NEW AND
EXCLUSIVE

**Grated
TUNA**

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.,
Terminal Island, California

There's no substitute for
tuna, when you use



Another Boy

By Janette Stevenson Murray

THIS is a true story.

"When our third boy was born, Mrs. Grayston, I stifled my disappointments, but when Tommy came I just broke down and cried," confessed pretty Mrs. Grant, as she straightened the lace tablecloth in her unused dining room. The family always ate in the kitchen "because of the boys."

Mrs. Grayston looked apprehensively at Tommy, who was pasting paper on an airplane.

"Oh, he's often heard this; he doesn't mind," said Mrs. Grant.

"But Tommy does mind," thought Mrs. Grayston, as she crossed the vacant lot between the Grants' home and hers. "That's why he has grown shy, irresponsible—even resentful—and why he spends so much time each day outdoors, by himself, playing his little flute."

When Tommy started to go to school, his behavior changed, but not for the better. Perhaps he felt still more lonely than before, more neglected; anyway, he commenced trying to attract attention to himself. He began telephoning people in the neighborhood repeatedly. He rang up Hugh Grayston three or four times within an hour one day, and he even went so far as to call up and invite a little girl to a *slide party*. She was eagerly excited until her mother telephoned about it, and Mrs. Grant said, "Oh, there's no party; that was just Tommy's imagination."

Then Tommy refused to walk to school alone. Punishments were tried, but they had no effect. So his mother went with him—but grudgingly.

"That is the way Mrs. Grant does everything for her boys," Mrs. Grayston said to herself. "She provides the latest books, plenty of toys, good food and clothes—has even given up a favorite club to have more time at home; yet, nevertheless, she does it all grudgingly."

AND Tommy soon devised more ways to keep family attention focused upon himself. Hugh Grayston must walk with him, too, he insisted, or else he would not go to school. Later, he would not go if his older brother rode his bicycle to school—Tommy was too young to have one—so his brother, as well as his mother and Hugh, had to walk with him.

Being immature, Tommy could not keep up with Hugh in his school work and was consequently placed in a lower section of the class. Then Tommy began to have stomach-aches and could not go to school. The teacher suggested coaching Tommy at home. Soon he was in the upper section again, and his stomach-aches disappeared.

One Saturday morning the boys were playing with a train at the Graystons' home. Mrs. Grant came over for Tommy, because it was time for his dancing class. He didn't want to go. Mrs. Grayston suggested that her younger boy go along to watch Tommy dance. Tommy was then eager to go, for this gave him a chance to show off.

Then, on a certain occasion his teacher noticed Tommy standing during a school program, unconsciously imitating the orchestra leader. Thinking this and other incidents over, she realized the boy was very musical and later remarked to Mrs. Grant that if he had a legitimate chance to show off it would counteract his feeling of being unwanted—the mother had confessed to her how grudgingly she had accepted this fourth son.

That very afternoon, when Tommy was leading a play band on the lawn, his mother suggested organizing a neighborhood orchestra to meet regularly at their house. The boy was delighted and was soon absorbed in this new enterprise.

A little while after this, remembering his desire for a party, Mrs. Grant said they might give one on Tommy's birthday.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "let me invite the boys and girls—and could we—could we have the ice cream on

the lace cloth in the dining room?" His eyes were shining.

"Yes—oh, yes!" His mother was conscience-stricken.

From this time on, Tommy's yearning for attention and the home privileges that go with gracious living were increasingly satisfied, and the little boy became adjusted and normal.



Josephine B. Nichols

PORCH SUPPERS

FOR good eating, serve at least one hot dish with your main meal. Cold foods seem even colder if a little hot food contrasts with the rest of the meal.

MENU I

Hot Bouillon
Chicken Vegetable Salad
served with
Potato Chips and Tomato Wedges
Quick Hot Rolls Butter
Frozen Lemon Pie

MENU II

Tomato Frappé
Fish in Shells Cabbage Pepper Slaw
Refrigerator Ice Cream
Honey Nut Cookies

MENU III

Orange Grape Cooler
Baked Ham Loaf Creamed Potatoes
Buttered New Corn
Tomato and Cucumber Slices
Bread Sticks
Ice Cold Watermelon

Chicken Vegetable Salad

1½ cups cooked chicken
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
½ cup minced celery
2 tablespoons minced pimiento
½ cup cooked brown rice
salt, pepper
½ cup salad dressing
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup cooked peas

Add green pepper, celery, pimiento, and rice to chicken. Season. Add lemon juice to salad dressing. Add dressing to chicken mixture. Toss lightly with fork. Add peas carefully to prevent mashing. Chill thoroughly.

Ninety-Minute Hot Rolls

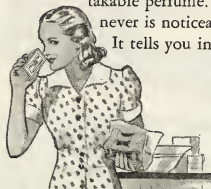
3 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup warm water
2 yeast cakes dissolved in

(Continued on page 516)



Clean smells Sweet

Things that are completely clean have an unmistakable perfume. It's a delicate, fresh, sweet smell that never is noticeable where there is dirt in any form. It tells you instantly—this is clean!



When you unwrap a big bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, you get the immediate impression of cleanliness. This mild golden soap breathes the clean odor of naphtha—the gentle, thorough cleaner that dirt and grime cannot escape.

When you wash with Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, your sense of smell registers "CLEAN" with every swish of suds. Here's where you discover the joy of sneezeless washdays. These husky golden chips shed no powdery dust to irritate your nose. They're the original no-sneeze chips!



Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have a fresh, clean smell which proves that golden soap and gentle naphtha, combined, have done a dirt removing job no tricky soap substitutes can equal. . . . Next time you wash your baby's things make sure they're completely clean. . . . Use Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





For Novice or "Old Hand"—

PERFECT JAMS AND JELLIES *Every time*
with
M. C. P.
Jam and Jelly
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Plus ... MORE GLASSES than with Other Leading Pectins' ... **At No Greater Cost!**

PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF! Get the new **and larger** package of M.C.P. JAM and JELLY PECTIN. Make the Peach Jam recipe (below). You'll get 72 ounces—**more than 10 seven-ounce glasses**—of the best Peach Jam ever. This yield will convince you that **you get more for your money** with M.C.P.!

MAKE THIS DELICIOUS FRESH PEACH JAM!

- 4 Cups Ground Peaches ¼ Cup Lemon Juice
6 Cups Sugar 1 Package M. C. P. Pectin

Wash, peel, remove pits from 4 pounds fully ripe peaches; grind fruit. Measure **exactly 4** level cups of ground peaches (add water to fill out last cup, if necessary) into large kettle. Add M.C.P. Pectin and lemon juice, stir well, bring to boil, stirring constantly. NOW, add sugar (previously measured), continue stirring, bring to full rolling boil. **BOIL EXACTLY 4 MINUTES.** Remove from fire, let boil subside, stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes. Pour into sterilized jars, allowing ½-inch space for sealing with fresh paraffin.

MAKES 10 SEVEN-OUNCE GLASSES

SO—YOU GET MORE FOR YOUR MONEY with

M.C.P.

IN THE NEW & LARGER PACKAGE!



*Names on request

Cook's Corner

(Continued from page 515)

- ½ cup lukewarm water
1 egg, well whipped
3½ cups (about) enriched flour

Add shortening, sugar, and salt to warm water. Stir in one cup flour, whip until smooth. Add well dissolved yeast, and mix until smooth; add the egg. Add flour, small amounts at a time until no more can be stirred in. Remove spoon and knead dough thoroughly until the surface of the dough feels satiny and looks smooth. Roll up into a tight ball, cover with cloth and rest on board fifteen or twenty minutes. Roll out and shape into rolls. Place on greased baking sheet, brush lightly with melted fat. Cover; let rise until double in bulk (about thirty minutes), bake in oven at 425° F., fifteen to twenty minutes.

Frozen Lemon Pie

- 2 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ cup lemon juice and lemon rind
1 cup evaporated milk (chilled)
1 cup graham cracker crumbs

Beat egg yolks; add sugar, lemon juice, and grated rind. Cook until thick. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold into custard. Beat milk until thick; fold into custard mixture. Sprinkle refrigerator tray with one-half of cracker crumbs. Pour in mixture. Top with remaining crumbs. Freeze three hours.

Tomato Frappé

- 2 cups tomato juice
2 teaspoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup grated celery and celery leaves

Combine all ingredients; let stand one hour. Strain through coarse sieve; turn into freezing trays; set control at coldest point. Freeze to mush. Stir carefully several times. Serve in cocktail glasses.

Fish in Shells

- 1 pound canned fish
2 cups medium white sauce
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 tablespoon chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon chopped parsley or green pepper
½ cup grated cheese
½ cup dry crumbs

Flake fish; mix with white sauce, onion, pimiento, parsley, and cheese; place in buttered shells. Sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in a hot oven, 350° F., fifteen minutes.

Cabbage Pepper Slaw

- 3 cups finely shredded cabbage
½ cup finely shredded sweet red pepper
¼ cup French dressing

Combine cabbage and pepper; add dressing and mix lightly. Serve immediately.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



A Garden in the Sky

Next time you're in Salt Lake City, enjoy a superb evening of dining and dancing in a gorgeous new setting overlooking historic Temple Square and the verdant Salt Lake Valley. Dancing nightly except Sundays. Dinners every night.

Newly Restyled
Scarlett GARDENS

the HOTEL UTAH • GUY TOOMBES, Vice-President and General Mgr.

Honey Nut Cookies

- 1 cup shortening
- 1½ cup honey
- 3 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 4 cups sifted enriched flour
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream shortening, honey, and eggs. Stir in dry ingredients. Add nuts, mix thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet. Bake at 350° F., ten to twelve minutes. Makes six to eight dozen cookies.

Baked Ham Loaf

- 1 pound ground ham
- 1 pound ground fresh pork
- 2 cups corn flakes (crushed)
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- ½ teaspoon cloves

Mix all ingredients together, pour into well greased loaf pan or ring mold. Bake at 350° F. for forty-five minutes.

Qualities of Youth

(Concluded from page 512)

should realize—if they have real courage—that this is untrue. Yielding to temptation once, lets down the bars and makes it easier to yield a second and even a third time. True courage lies in never yielding. There is real courage in repentance, however, if one has succumbed to a temptation or has established a bad habit.

Some older folk feel sometimes that youth today are too straightforward—to the exclusion of tactfulness. Polish comes with age—just as the rock in the stream is smoothed by the long buffeting of the water. Frankness and openness are two characteristics we should encourage youth to preserve. Honesty lies in youth—and their straightforwardness is indicative of this quality.

The self-confidence of youth must be tempered with a firm belief in God—and this is where wise adults will work especially hard to try to encourage youth to obtain this for themselves. In a time of uncertainty, of doubt, of tremendous scientific development true self-confidence must be motivated with a sincere and working faith in God. And youth who have this faith in God will find their self-confidence of such quality that they shall know of a verity, as people of all ages have known, "... fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee." (Gen. 26: 24.)—M. C. J.

AUGUST 1948



A language that only you can understand

Your baby has a language all his own... but how well you understand it! The cry that says he's hungry. The small sounds he makes while you're feeding him—sounds saying "this tastes good." And when you hold him high—the merry gurgle.

Of course, your baby's welfare and happiness depend largely on the things *you* do. Right at the top of the list is the kind of milk you give him. Is it always easy to digest—causing no harmful upsets? Does it provide all the food substances he needs to enable him to grow sturdy, with sound teeth and straight, strong bones?

If the milk you give your baby

is Sego Milk, your answer to those questions can be a definite "yes." Sego Milk is always easy for babies to digest. Always uniformly rich in the nourishing food substances of whole milk. As safe, in its sealed can, as if there were no harmful germ in the world. And then it's fortified with pure crystalline vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin that works with the minerals of milk to enable your baby to develop straight, strong bones—sound teeth—and to make the best of growth.

These are the reasons why Sego Milk babies are, *as a rule*, well, sturdy, happy babies. And with all its extraordinary qualities, Sego Milk costs less than any other form of milk.



This seal certifies that all statements made here about Sego Milk have been accepted as true by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



This seal certifies that the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation makes periodic tests to determine that Sego Milk diluted with an equal amount of water always gives you 400 units of vitamin D per quart.

FREE TO MOTHERS! This handy book that makes it easier for you to care for and train your baby. Dozens of the most important questions about the care and training of your baby are answered in this 64-page illustrated book. Approved by a well-known doctor. Praised enthusiastically by mothers all over the west. Send for your free copy of this helpful book today. Address: Sego Milk Co., Dept. E-4, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SEGO MILK PRODUCTS CO.
Originator of Evaporated Milk in the Intermountain West
Plants in Richmond, Utah; Preston and Buhl, Idaho

Melchizedek Priesthood Monthly Quorum Lesson for September

LESSON EIGHT: SEPTEMBER 1948

"Stake Mission Organization, Officers, and Functions"

Reference: Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook, Section XI-A, p. 68 to Section XII, p. 76.

1. Describe the organization of a stake mission.
2. What is the responsibility of the First Council of the Seventy, the presidencies of stakes, and stake mission presidents in regard to stake missions?
3. What is the most important purpose of stake missionary work?
4. Under what conditions should stake missionaries work with Church members?
5. Discuss the six statements regarding the calling and setting apart of stake mission presidents.
6. Whenever feasible the brother called to be stake mission president should hold what office in the priesthood?
7. What are the duties and responsibilities of stake mission presidents?
8. Who calls and sets apart the stake missionaries?
9. Should all of the stake missionaries be seventies?
10. How long is the term of service for stake mission presidents and also for the missionaries?
11. What are the duties and responsibilities of the stake missionaries?
12. Who makes the appointments of the district presidents in the stake missions and what are their responsibilities?
13. Are stake missionaries to be released from all local Church activity in order that they might devote their full Church service time to their missionary appointment? See pages 70, 71, and 72.
14. Are presidents of quorums of seventy released from the presidency when called on stake missions?
15. What is the field of labor of a stake missionary?
16. What is the relationship of the local quorum of seventy and the stake mission?
17. Who should issue the certificate of release to stake missionaries, and to whom and when should it be issued?
18. Describe the relationship and duties of the stake mission presidents and bishops regarding mission baptisms.
19. Where is mission literature secured?
20. Who is responsible for obtaining mission literature, keeping accounts,

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Melchizedek

and paying for that portion on which there is a charge?

21. There are ten stake mission forms described on pages 75-76. It is recommended that the teacher secure a copy of each of these forms and show them to the class. Probably these forms could be borrowed from the stake presidents and mission presidents.

Saviors on Mount Zion

THOSE who visit the temples often and are reminded of the laws of sacrifice and consecration are usually outstanding in their loyalty to the Church. It is recognized, of course, that all Saints receiving temple recommendations must be complying with the highest standards of the Church. However, the spirit attending temple workers and participants has such a power of purification and of instilling devotion to the teachings of Jesus Christ, that its importance and benefit cannot be over-emphasized.

Among the important responsibilities resting upon the Melchizedek Priesthood of the Church is that of performing temple ordinances for those who have entered the spirit world. Only those who worthily bear the holy Melchizedek Priesthood and have themselves entered into the most sacred covenants in the House of the Lord are entitled and privileged to engage in being "saviors on Mount Zion." Others cannot share in this sacred obligation which the Prophet Joseph Smith has declared to be "our most important responsibility."

It is vital, therefore, that all who are blessed with the holy Melchizedek Priesthood live worthy of entering the temples and secure for themselves the blessings bestowed therein. Certainly if the temple ordinances are so vitally important for those who have departed from mortality, they are nonetheless necessary for the living who are made partakers of the power of the Lord. Those who have been privileged to receive these blessings for themselves should not shirk the opportunity and responsibility of enabling others to share such glorious promises with them.

Stake presidencies and quorum presidencies are urged to emphasize these matters to the priesthood membership over whom they preside and set a personal example of participation which others may do well to emulate.

Bishoprics' Responsibility Toward Priesthood Meetings

FROM time to time inquiries are received regarding the attendance responsibility of bishoprics at ward priesthood meetings. For the benefit of all concerned, the following policy should govern quorum attendance.

The bishop's responsibility during the ward priesthood meeting hour is to meet with, and preside over, his priests as their president, excepting only each third meeting when he is to take his turn with his counselors in attending the department conducted for the adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood. These meetings are the logical place for the bishop "... to sit in council with them, to teach them the duties of their office as given in the covenants." Bishops should so arrange their schedule as to allow no interference with regular attendance at these meetings.

In the same manner that a counselor shares the responsibilities of a bishopric, he shares in the responsibilities of the presidency of the Aaronic Priesthood. It is suggested, therefore, that the first counselor be assigned to supervise the work of the ordained teachers and that the second counselor supervise the work of the ordained deacons. They should attend these quorum meetings each week excepting only each third meeting when they will take their turn as members of the bishopric in meeting with the adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood.

As high priests, members of the bishopric are to attend the monthly quorum meeting of the high priests quorum inasmuch as they are members of that quorum. This meeting should be held at a time that will permit bishoprics to attend without neglecting their Aaronic Priesthood duties; otherwise they will be excused from attending their monthly quorum meeting with the high priests.

Members of the bishopric are not to leave their assignments with the Aaronic Priesthood in order to attend weekly high priest group meetings. They are given due credit for "other Church work during priesthood hour."

Let the people see to it that they get righteous men to be their leaders... officers who would rather do right at a sacrifice than do wrong for a reward.

—Brigham Young
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Priesthood

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE — HAROLD B. LEE, CHAIRMAN; EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MC KAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS, RICHARD L. EVANS, OSCAR A. KIRKHAM, S. DILWORTH YOUNG, MILTON R. HUNTER, BRUCE R. MCCONKIE

Recent Seventy Quorum Organizations

WITH the organization of the 380th quorum of seventy in the Oakland Stake, the total number of fully organized seventies' quorums is now 332. Although such quorums are numbered consecutively in the Church, a number have either been consolidated or discontinued, resulting in a smaller number of actively operating quorums than this number would indicate.

The 380th quorum of seventy, organized by President Oscar A. Kirkham, June 27, becomes the newest in the Church. This organization resulted from a division of the 247th quorum located in the Oakland Stake.

In recent months seven other quorums have been organized. The 373rd and 374th quorums, located in the Ogden Stake, were begun December 9, 1947, by Presidents Milton R. Hunter and Bruce R. McConkie. The 375th, 376th, and 377th quorums are located in the East Mill Creek, Granite, and Highland stakes respectively. President Milton R. Hunter supervised the organization of the 376th quorum March 14, and President Levi Edgar Young cared for the other two on January 23, and April 19, respectively. With the creation of the American Falls Stake, President Oscar A. Kirkham effected the organization of the 378th quorum in that stake May 2. A division of the 359th quorum in the Mesa Stake resulted in the creation of the 379th quorum. This was accomplished by President Bruce R. McConkie, May 23.

Following is a list of quorum presidents set apart for the several quorums:

373rd Quorum of Seventy: Keith LaMarvin Saxton, Lawrence Darrel Anderson, George Boeckweg, Jr., Albert Orval Vowles, John Henry VanderWerff, Lawrence B. Hill, and William C. Jensen.

374th Quorum of Seventy: Lewis A. Fleming, Cluy Walter Kelly, Milton B. Stringham, Francis J. DeBry, Lyman Eldon Parcell, Herman John Westbrook, and Walter Grossenbach.

375th Quorum of Seventy: J. Afton Green, Harley C. Fernelius, Walter Calvin Corbett, Richard F. Shingle-

ton, John Leslie Tyler, Horace Gardner, and Jay W. Marchant.

376th Quorum of Seventy: Joseph Bryan Knight, Jesse Walter Bate, Reinhold Frederick Hiller, Erling Olaf Torgerson, Raymond Bingham Wrigley, Hosmer Ray Tucker, and Fred Elmer Nelson.

377th Quorum of Seventy: Major P. Garff, Clarence Kelsch, Herbert J. Gustafson, Ronald F. Walker, Clarence Buehner, Mark C. Wheeler, and Orson E. Taylor.

378th Quorum of Seventy: Ona V. Walker, Isaac T. Pierce, Lutil B. Whiting, and Fred E. Sawyer (names of other presidents not available).

379th Quorum of Seventy: Martin R. Young, Jr., W. Fuller Chapman, Haskel V. Stradling, Mark LaVaine Pincock, Sims F. Ray, Ray Inglish, and Gilbert L. Bigelow.

380th Quorum of Seventy: Herbert J. Marsh, H. Robert Brummett, John H. Webster, Curtis Bybee, Franklin D. Webb, Harry Maurer, and Walter C. Barney.

Questions and Answers

Question 70: What is the recommended study course for monthly quorum meetings during 1948?

Answer 70: The general priesthood committee has recommended that the new Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook be studied in the monthly quorum meetings during 1948. Suggested lesson outlines for this purpose have been prepared. The outline for August was published in the July issue of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. The September topic is in this issue. Subsequent issues will carry the remainder of the study course.

Question 71: A new column, known as "Number (or Percent) Engaged in Any Church Work," has been added on the quarterly stake Melchizedek Priesthood reports for 1948. What basis shall be used to determine this item?

Answer 71: On the second page of the "Instructions" in the several roll and report books may be found the following: "Number (or Percent) Engaged in any Church Work. This item is on the quarterly report. Any effort actually expended which demonstrates

INTRODUCING Mr. W. W. WHITNEY

THE story that follows is a part of what was told by Mr. Whitney at a session of the Institute of Alcoholism held in the Hotel Utah, June 16, under the auspices of the Utah State Board on Alcoholism. Mrs. Whitney was also one of the speakers. The four hundred people who heard them were deeply impressed by the sincere, frank, and touching narrations given by this couple, one an alcoholic and the other his loyal wife. Mr. Whitney feels that his freedom from drink was made possible by the timely grace of God and the effective help given him by a group of Alcoholics Anonymous. To show his appreciation for what the Lord and this group did for him, he now gladly accepts every opportunity to win other alcoholics to abstinence and to keep the youth from taking the first drink. He and his wife have thrown off anonymity and spoken in many high school assemblies. In every case, reports say, they produced a profound impression.

While all who drink do not become alcoholics, yet an estimated six percent of them do, and a very much larger percent of relatives and others are deeply distressed and humiliated.

With anonymity now thrown off by many recovered alcoholics and the wide publicity being given Alcoholics Anonymous, the movement is rapidly growing. So no one needing their help

(Continued on page 542)

a willingness to promote the temporal or spiritual programs of the Church may be considered 'Engaged in any Church Work.' Following is a suggested list of items which may be so considered: Attendance at priesthood meeting, sacrament meeting, Sunday School, M.I.A., or committee meetings; payment of tithing; payment of fast offerings, if paid by members themselves; contributing to Church welfare program either in cash or labor; contributing to building programs, either in cash or labor; engaging in service project for the benefit of others." A careful checking of all quorum members, whether active or inactive in quorum meeting participation, will show that most members are active to some degree. Determining their likes and inclinations will prove a valuable step in bringing those back into full activity whose participation may have been somewhat limited.



The Presiding

Aaronic Priesthood

Aaronic Priesthood

Challenging Records

Awards and Tithing

TITHING is a sacred law—it should never be treated lightly. Whenever tithing is taught, and particularly to youth, it should be presented in the light it deserves. In fact, any other treatment is highly displeasing to the Lord.

You say the above are only general statements? Very well! here is something specific.

Tithing is in the Standard Quorum Award program as a measure in teaching this divine law to the bearers of the Aaronic Priesthood. The requirement is seriously abused unless the boy is not only taught the law of tithing but is taught to pay tithing out of his own earnings.

A quorum adviser who assumes to pay a few cents tithing out of his own pocket, giving credit to the number of boys needed to qualify the quorum, but who have not paid their tithing in person, is not only doing the boys an injustice, but he is living a misrepresentation of fact and is depreciating the law of tithing in the minds of all his boys who know of his actions. We appreciate that his intentions may be good but such teachings and examples are not proper.

Let us teach tithing as it should be taught and teach boys to obey this divine law as it should be obeyed.

An Idea from the Field

Here is another idea—this time from the "idea hopper" of the Bonneville Stake Aaronic Priesthood committee.

MEMBERS of the committee opined:

Aaronic Priesthood members receive Individual Certificates of Award in recognition of activities measuring up to certain minimum requirements in Church work, why should not we as their leaders likewise have a definite goal and then feel the thrill of reaching it. They reasoned among themselves further: How can we as leaders ask the boys to meet these requirements unless we also get the spirit of this great program and point the way by actual example? Why should we not experience the exhilaration that comes from "working our own way" and checking our own activity score as we expect them to do? What is leadership if it is not "to lead" both in spirit and in actual performance?

They decided! It was unanimous that members of the stake committee would lead the parade to success in the Bonneville Stake in earning the Aaronic Priesthood Individual Certificate of Award for 1947. They did it!

Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards had the pleasure of presenting the awards to the six members of the committee: President George L. Nelson,



WENDELL W. JENSEN



GARY STEINFELDT

These two young men give their priesthood and Church activities first place in their lives. We commend them on their outstanding records.

Wendell Jensen, a priest, and Gary Steinfeldt, a teacher, Edgemoor Ward, Hillside Stake, have established one hundred percent attendance records for five years and four and one-half years, respectively, in priesthood meeting, sacrament meeting, Sunday School, and Y.M.M.I.A.

Does anyone accept the challenge to equal or better these records?

chairman; Sterling W. Sill, executive chairman; J. Elmo Ostler, secretary; Wayne Anderson, Lynn C. Layton, and Herbert Stockman.

Sterling W. Sill, executive chairman of the committee, in reporting the project to the Presiding Bishopric, writes:

Each member of our committee is going to make another application to your office at the end of this year for an award for the year 1948. We extend to any boy in the stake an invitation to make a better score than we are going to make, and that will not be on the minimum basis.

Here is another example of leadership in action. It is always a good indication when leaders lead.



PASADENA STAKE REPORTS HARVEST OF SOULS AMONG ADULT MEMBERS OF AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

Thirty-eight adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood were ordained elders in the Pasadena Stake during 1947. This is one of the most remarkable records in this program yet to be reported. Doing big things in a big way is a matter of momentum—it's a habit in Pasadena.

President John Nielsen, second counselor to President William A. Pettit, and chairman of the stake committee, reported to the Presiding Bishopric's Office, over the telephone—"That isn't all. We expect to have at least fifty such advancements during 1948."

Stake committee members are seated on the front row from left to right: President John Nielsen, chairman; Otis F. Lamb, executive chairman; Clyde Romney, Joseph Davies, Gail R. Brown, secretary; Frederick Savage, A. Kay Barry. Ward committeemen are also represented in the group.

Bishoprie's Page

Edited by Lee A. Palmer

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

SEPTEMBER 1948

THE lesson for September will be a review of the study material presented in this column for May and June 1947.

Mimeographed copies of the lessons will be sent to each bishop one month in advance. Bishops are requested immediately to place the material in the hands of the leader who presents the lessons during the monthly meeting of the Ward Youth Leadership Committee that he may have ample time to make adequate preparation.

Ward Teaching

The Responsibility of the Family

WARD TEACHING is ordinarily looked upon as a duty and obligation resting solely upon the ward teacher. Contrary to this often accepted opinion, the family, too, carries a large share of the responsibility. The Lord fully intended there should be cooperation from the family. Without it maximum results are not obtained. The revelation concerning the duties of the teachers is based upon "watching over" and "being with" the members. How could either be accomplished without the teacher's being admitted to the home in the spirit of friendliness and good will. The attitude in which the teacher is received into the home, will, to a large extent, determine the measure of his success. One of the most difficult obstacles the teacher has to overcome is the attitude of indifference in the home. It is the duty of each family to greet the teacher in a warm and friendly manner.

Fundamental to proper entertainment is the exercise of three signal virtues, (1) hospitality, (2) courtesy, (3) respect. What is more appealing than a gracious cordial welcome into the family home? Such a greeting puts one at ease, increases confidence, and makes possible the full exercise of natural ability. On the other hand, what is more distressing than the feeling of being unwelcome? There is an old proverb that says, "It is a sin against hospitality to open your doors and shut



AWARD WINNERS, SOUTH TEXAS DISTRICT, TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION

We welcome these young men and young women into the ever-increasing Church group of young people who distinguish themselves in Church activities. However, only six young men show up to some disadvantage against fourteen young women in the award contest. "Dig in" fellows! You may be able to increase your numbers and thus replace the look of defeat with the smile of victory for 1948.

These young people (seven were absent when the photo was taken) are from the South Texas District, Texas-Louisiana Mission. Congratulations to the winners—come back strong for the year 1948. Mission President Glenn G. Smith presented the awards during the South Texas District conference held in Houston May 16, 1947. District President Jesse Kirkpatrick assisted President Smith in the presentation. Harold V. Gividen, second counselor in the mission presidency gave an address outlining the objectives of the award program.

up your countenance." People shrivel up in such an atmosphere.

Courtesy includes not only being polite but also kind. Courtesy gives consideration for all members of society and a definite deference for position, age, or sex. It implies the acquisition of grace and gentleness that makes approach easy and pleasant. Such worthy qualities make social relations delightful and harmonious. The teacher who is the recipient of such courtesies will certainly rise to the occasion. Respect follows in sequence. It is the foundation upon which friendships are built. "He removes the greatest ornament of friendship who takes away respect." (Cicero.) When one knows he is respected, his desires are stimulated to fulfill the beliefs of his friends. Proper respect honors a guest, not only while he is present but after he is gone.

The Spirit of the Lord cannot operate where there is a trace of resentment or cold indifference. Neither will it be in evidence where there is pretense. Let the family seek then to carry its share of responsibility, remembering that the Lord has said, "Whoso receiveth you receiveth me." (D. & C. 84:89.)

Special to Bishops

Preparation for the Sacrament

WE feel the necessity for suggesting to bishops that, in their priests quorum, they give some consideration to teaching our young men to be clean and neat when administering the sacrament.

Priests should be taught to come to the sacrament table with clean hands. Where facilities are available for washing hands, our young men should be taught to make use of such facilities immediately upon being asked to officiate at the sacrament table. Where such accommodations are not conveniently located, fingerbowls and clean towels should be provided and used before the breaking of the bread.

Unless bishops make it a point to frequently bring this matter to the attention of their priests, there is a possibility they may become careless and not exercise the care and maintain the degree of cleanliness which this sacred service deserves. Bishops should always observe how the Aaronic Priesthood members conduct themselves throughout the entire sacrament administration.

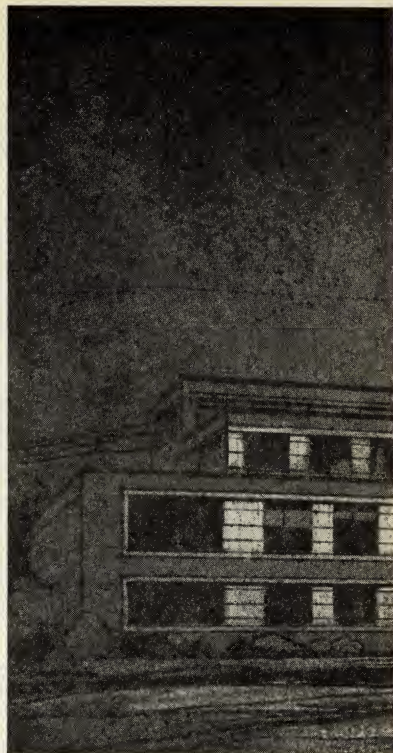
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| Bible and Modern Scripture | | Psychology |
| Botany | Horticulture and Landscape | Radio Broadcasting and Technique |
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| Church History | Library Science | Secretarial Practice |
| Church Organization and Administration | Marketing | Sociology |
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| | | Zoology and Entomology |

NG UNIVERSITY, Provo, Utah

Genealogy

Books of Remembrance

By David R. Roberts

JEREMIAH the prophet declared:

Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be said, the Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt;

But, The Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the north, and from all the lands whither he had driven them: and I will bring them again into their land that I gave unto their fathers.

Behold, I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them; and after will I send for many hunters, and they shall hunt them from every mountain, and from every hill, and out of the holes of the rocks, (Jeremiah 16:14-16.)

Many other prophets speak of this wonderful time. We are living witnesses of the marvelous fulfillment of these prophecies of the gathering of Israel in our time and the times of our pioneer progenitors. There has never been anything in the way of the migration and gathering of the peoples of the earth for a common purpose, in the service of God, to compare with it, as the prophets foretold. Have there been proper records kept of those who have been thus gathered? When did the gospel message come to them and where was it delivered? Who was the bearer of the message and under what circumstances? When and how did they come in to this land? Who directed their journeyings? Did they forfeit or lose any desirable things, and did they face death in their journeyings in gathering here? How have they fared since coming?

It is a strange and wonderful story—an individual story—for the experiences of each one are so different. It was not like the gathering of Israel out of Egypt under Moses. Are the life stories of your pioneer fathers and mothers written? Can you answer the simplest questions above referred to, concerning them?

The “sons of God” have been required to keep records from the earliest times. The great Patriarch Abraham wrote:

But the records of the fathers, even the patriarchs, . . . have I kept even unto this

day, and I shall endeavor to write some of these things upon this record, *for the benefit of my posterity that shall come after me.* (Italics author’s) (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 1:31.)

Centuries later Moses wrote:

And a book of remembrance was kept, in which was recorded, in the language of Adam, for it was given unto as many as called upon God to write by the spirit of inspiration. (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 6:5.)

Then Moses quotes Enoch the seventh great patriarch from Adam who said:

For a book of remembrance we have written among us, according to the pattern given by the finger of God; and it is given in our own language. (*Ibid.*, 6:4c.)

. . . language which was pure and undefiled. (*Ibid.*, 6:6.)

In the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Church members were advised to keep autobiographies and family histories. This advice has been re-emphasized from time to time. Approximately a score of years ago our Church leaders advised and urged us to not only gather our genealogies or the vital statistics, but also to write and preserve the biographies and stories of the lives of ancestry and of the members of our families—especially the pioneers—to keep Books of Remembrance—for the benefit of posterity. They are rich and thrilling stories.

These Books of Remembrance should have been commenced a hundred years ago, as they were in many families, when those who began the work in the service of God were living, and their records should have been added to up to the present time as were the records of father Lehi and his family, as appears in the Book of Mormon. The few families who have done this have preserved some fine and priceless things. But how about our family? Have we any records, or have our most precious things gone into the grave with those who knew them best? It is not too late to begin now. Gather all that is possible from every source and publish it so that every branch of your family will have a copy, so that in the event a copy is lost or destroyed there will be others left to the family. We owe this to our pioneer fathers and mothers. We owe it to ourselves. We owe it to posterity. Every genera-

tion that passes without its being done makes it more difficult to do.

What should we gather and record? Biography; history; records of births, baptisms, confirmations, ordinations, missions; Church, civic, school, and business activities; migrations; faith-promoting stories; inspirations; revelations to individuals; marriages; deaths; funeral proceedings; successes and failures; joys and sorrows—all of interest that can be secured—a resumé of the activities of each person in the family should be recorded.

Now, assuming that we have our Books of Remembrance, are we to place them on the book shelf there to stay? Surely not, for that is not the purpose. A comprehensive course of lessons should be prepared covering the things that are written in the books. A family home evening should be arranged, once each week if possible, taking a lesson from the books as a part of the evening’s program. What could be the purpose of such study?

1. To assist them to become familiar with the origin and history of the family as far as known and to learn of the places of interest to the family—places of sacred memory

2. To endeavor to show to them wherein the story of the lives of our ancestors is in accord with the fulfillment of the prophecies of the ancient prophets

3. To impress upon them the rich heritage that is theirs as is evidenced in the blessings they enjoy above all the peoples on the earth

4. To encourage an active adherence on the part of the children, to the principle that activated those stalwart, courageous, and faithful pioneers and leaders of the family in their sacrificing devotion to the great cause of eternal truth and light which has given them such a heritage, and to insure its continuance

5. To increase our faith in the greatest cause in the world.

Let us honor our pioneer ancestors with the stories of their splendid lives and achievements. Let us give to them their proper places in the greatest, most important, and most unique religious movement that this world has ever known. In the responsibilities placed upon us relating to our ancestry, the Lord has commanded *Diligence*. That is necessary. Nothing can be accomplished through half-heartedness or indifference. If we neglect this duty after being admonished to do it, what will be our answer? You say, “Work while it is day! [for] the night [of death] cometh, when no man can work.” (John 9:4.) Do it today, for, “there is no tomorrow.”

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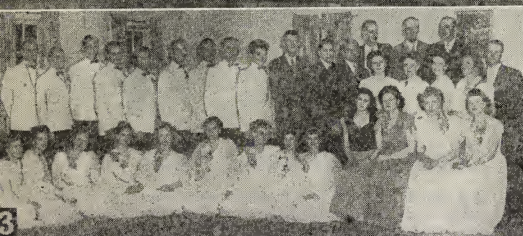


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M. I. A.
Activities throughout
the Church



1. North Jordan Stake M.I.A. music festival presented Folk Songs of Many Lands.
2. Wilshire Ward, Los Angeles Stake, four-act play, "Little Women."
3. Group of dancers participating in Mt. Ogden Stake dance festival under the direction of Ronald Driggs.
4. Phoenix First Ward, Phoenix Stake, binding of the ward sheaf with twenty-two girls.
5. Bishop and Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual presidencies at the Wilshire Ward, Los Angeles Stake, barn dance.
6. Junior Girls, Bee Hive Girls, and Boy Scouts who took part in Mt. Ogden Stake dance festival.
7. Junior Girl Chorus of 33rd Ward, Mt. Ogden Stake.
8. Torch Swarm of Benson Ward, East Cache Stake, graduated as Honor

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



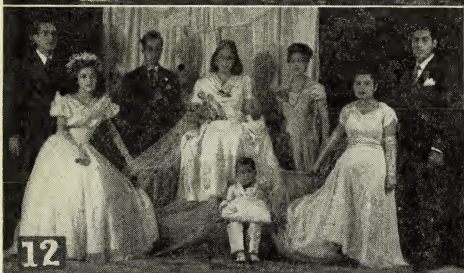
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13



14

Bees with eight to twelve extra honor badges each. Their teacher, Mrs. Audria Ballard, took them through the three years of Bee Hives.

9. Safford Ward, Mt. Graham Stake, Gleaner Girls bind their ward sheaf for the second time.

10. Swarm night honoring nine girls who completed Honor Bee requirements. 11. Queen, attendants, and Prince Charming at Gold and Green Ball, Needles Branch, California Mission.

12. Queen and attendants of Ermita Branch, Mexico, D. F., at Gold and Green Ball. Between four and five hundred people were in attendance.

13. Bee Hive Girls and their parents of the American Fork Sixth Ward, Alpine Stake, at a formal party at which Governor Herbert B. Maw and Mrs. How were special guests.

14. The Rose-et Ball held in Kirtland Ward, Young Stake, in which the Junior Girls and Senior Scouts participated jointly.

AUGUST 1948




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A CHALLENGE TO BETTER SPEAKING

(Continued from page 495)

opment, let me offer four suggestions:

1. Build a Wealth of Ideas

"... For of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh." (Luke 6:45.)

May I paraphrase the famous advice of Iago, "Put money in thy purse." For our purposes I should express it, "Put ideas in thy mind." Nothing is so dull as vague generalizations. They come, usually, from a lack of preparation, from a lack of searching for concrete, picturesque ideas. We need to remind ourselves of the outstanding work done in the University of Chicago jointly by the departments of Speech and Psychology: The result—a statement of the "Factors of Interestingness": the vital, the unusual, the uncertain, the similar, the antagonistic, the animate, the concrete. These will prove helpful to you as you make speeches and as you test the effectiveness of the speeches of others.

If you are called upon to make an address before young people on the importance of dreaming dreams, don't resort to mere generalizations. Under such a theme, turn to the achievements of particular men who have risen from obscurity to fame. Dip into the fields of the great discoverers, the great scientists, the great teachers, the great farmers, the great athletes. If you want a simple illustration, turn to the life of Wilfred T. Grenfell in his *A Labrador Doctor*, or to Mary Antin's remarkable *The Promised Land*.

2. Set Up a Compelling Organization

Organization to a speech is like a plan for the building of a house, or is like the theme for a symphony. It is the genius of setting your material down in such an orderly fashion that your listeners not only may understand, they must understand. Your organization is like signs along the road which point the route to travel. Each man must find what scheme of organization best suits his purposes. Let me name you three or four. Use the simple numerical scheme—the one, two, three idea. Through such a simple device you indicate to your listeners that you have thought your subject through

and you are helping them through its unfoldment. A similar device is the simple method of chronology. Proceed in a definite way through the time element. Another fundamentally sound and basic scheme is the symbolism of the wheel with its rim, its hub, and its spokes. Every idea under this scheme can be so beautifully fitted into the whole structure. Another effective procedure is that of tracing cause and effect. The particular device to be used is not nearly so important as the fact that you have really set up some kind of effective organization and that you indicate the steps by which you proceed.

3. Develop a Growing Mastery of the Techniques of Speaking

Time forbids an illustration of particulars under this sub-division. Let me rather direct your attention to three particularly helpful volumes. All three of them have been used by this great organization, and all three of them will prove of unusual help to the ambitious student of speech: *Thy Speech Beaurayeth Thee* by Smith, *So You Want Me to Give a Speech* by Lees, *Organized Thinking for Effective Speaking* by Pardoe.

Fortunately I know all three of these men. I know their worth, and I know the excellence of their suggestions. It will be to your everlasting profit to cultivate them. All that I want to say tonight is that as you study the volumes referred to, become aware of the possibilities for development in such matters as voice, pitch, diction, pronunciation, articulation, rhythm—"Change of Pace"—posture—bodily behavior, happy illustration.

4. Cultivate Spiritual Warmth

It is important that we remember the admonition of Karl G. Maeser that a teacher, or a preacher, should be like a fire, "He should give off heat as well as light."

Within the past few weeks it has been my experience to hear two foreigners: one a Lithuanian, the other a Russian. Both men were delighted not only with their escape from those two countries, but also with the glorious opportunity of living in America. How they could thrill us to the heritage that is ours!

You good people are workers in the Church. You teach and preach because of your testimony of the truth. Your conviction always will carry more weight than the mere technicalities of your speech. You will persuade as you develop a zeal for the truths that you teach. To spread a spiritual warmth you must feel with a fervor which spreads a contagion. Remember always that effective speaking appeals not only to the intellect, it registers also in human emotion. Feelings always must be a primary factor in our lives. It is biologically sound that we are moved by love and fear and hate. You will find that you are most effective when you are stirred to the realization of some great truth or when you rise to the championship of some great principle. Effective speech is not merely an exposition—it is a challenge to nobler feeling and to nobler action. Read again the speech of Patrick Henry as he challenged America to assert her liberty, if you would know the force of spiritual warmth. You, too, will approach to eloquence when your whole being becomes stirred to an issue upon which hinges the welfare of friends or family or country. It's a great experience to be genuinely stirred to the championship of a worthy ideal. You will discover that the spirit of your Heavenly Father can sustain and magnify you as you engage in the promulgation of his great truths. May he bless you and inspire you as you undertake your great callings.

With Explorer Scouts on the Colorado

(Continued from page 504)

better men and stronger Latter-day Saints—the object of the Scout and Explorer program.

A campfire program two nights later at Bryce Canyon turned into a testimony meeting, and each member of the party emphasized the spiritual values of the trip as the thing that impressed him most.

Eight Explorer Scout expeditions on the Colorado have now been completed. Nearly three hundred young men and their leaders have made the trip, which is reported to be one of the greatest high-adventure experiences which can be had in America today. High adventure?

(Continued on page 530)

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WITH EXPLORER SCOUTS ON THE COLORADO

(Continued from page 529)

Yes! With five days on the river, some rapids to run, thrilling landings to make, scenery unsurpassed, visits to ruins of ancient cliff dwellings, pictographs, rendezvous with memories and stories of pioneers, explorers, river runners, scouts, Indians, and outlaws, new canyons to explore, sleeping under the stars, swimming, hunting for pottery and arrowheads: all this and more make the "running" of the Colorado a rare adventure trip for young men.

The pioneer Explorer expedition down the Colorado River was completed in early April 1947. The party, which consisted of forty-four individuals, made the trip in eight rubber boats. Albert O. Quist, then field executive of the Salt Lake Council, Boy Scouts of America, was expedition leader, and Kent Frost of Monticello was guide. The trip was organized by members of the Salt Lake Council, of which D. E. (Gene) Hammond is chief executive. The idea grew out of a desire to give young men an experience as part of their summer activity program which would be inspirational and educational as well as adventuresome.

ONE of the early proposals was a pack trip from Escalante to Hole in the Rock on the Colorado. When this idea was abandoned in favor of the river trip, encouragement was received from some sources, and discouragement from other sources. Those who were acquainted with conditions on the river agreed that here was an adventure that could not be had elsewhere, but some thought that the hazards were too many, and the dangers too great. The fact that eight expeditions consisting of nearly three hundred persons have made the trip without any major accident is a tribute to the thought and planning of those who first worked out the program, as well as to the leaders who are carrying it on.

The second expedition of thirty-six Explorers and leaders made the trip between May 24 and June 3, 1947, and was led by Joe Dyer, field executive, Salt Lake Council, and John L. Cross, both of whom also made the first trip. Bert Loper of Green River was guide.

Fifty-one members comprised ex-

pedition number three. This party ran the river between April 3-11 this spring. As far as can be determined, this is the largest group ever to navigate this section of the river in one party. It was also the largest party of white men ever to visit the Rainbow Natural Bridge. Ray Hatch was leader, and John L. Cross was guide.

Twenty-five persons from the Salt Lake area and twenty-five from the 3-G council of Arizona and New Mexico made up the second expedition this summer. Albert O. Quist, now chief executive of the 3-G Council, headed the group from Arizona-New Mexico. Eldred Hamilton, Senior Scout commissioner from the West Jordan district was expedition leader. John L. Cross was guide.

Two later trips were sponsored by the Salt Lake Council, and one was sponsored by the Utah National Parks Council.

From the beginning every precaution has been taken to insure the health and safety of members of the expeditions. Before any group of Scouts or Explorers makes the trip, it must first clear with the local and national councils who make certain everything is in order.

The section of river from Hite to Lees Ferry was chosen because in addition to being rich in scenic beauties and historical lore, it is relatively free from rapids and entirely free from dangerous cataracts. Early explorers had run into difficulty both above Hite and below Lees Ferry, but the portion between had always been considered safe. The rubber landing barges which were selected to make the trip have proved their worth over and over again. These boats have seven separate air compartments, and are considered by many to be much safer on the river than any other type of boat.

Safety rules are rigidly adhered to. Each man must wear a life jacket all the time he is on the river; there is no changing places or standing up in the boats; each boat carries a life preserver with sixty feet of line; there is no swimming except in designated side-canyon areas. On hikes and side trips all members of a party remain close together; when poison ivy areas are entered, each person is painted with tannic acid.

It is also the practice to have a medical doctor with each party.

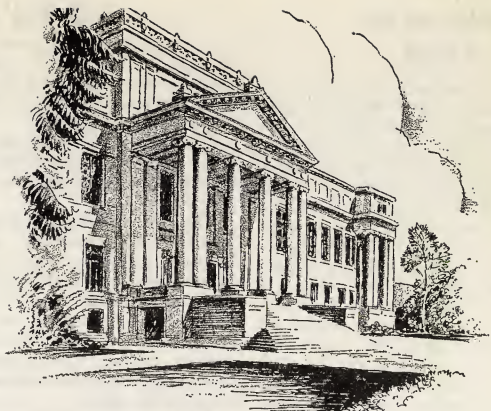
IN SPITE of all precautions, however, a few emergencies have been encountered. On one trip a boat capsized when the crew failed to clear a rock. But men in the other boats quickly picked up the crew and most of the equipment. The capsized boat was righted, and the crew took it on down the river, wiser, if wetter, from the experience.

Each member of the expedition is assigned to a committee and has a specific responsibility to perform. A log is kept; the health and safety rules are enforced; programs, talks, and stories are given to coincide with points along the river. Plant and animal life, rock formations, and other aspects of nature are studied.

And the inspirational well-being of the young men is not neglected. Morning and evening group prayers have become traditional, Sunday services are held, and the spirit of the Sabbath is maintained. Possibly the highlight of the trip is a visit to Hole in the Rock, down through which the men, women, and children of the San Juan Mission passed with eighty-two wagons and one thousand head of cattle after spending months building an unbelievably difficult road through this crack in the cliff.

Many Explorer Scout expeditions will probably be made down the Colorado River in years to come. The idea has already caught fire in many wards, districts, and even in other councils, and is being talked of as becoming a regional or even a national program.

But no matter how popular this summer activity may become, above everything else must project the fact that the running of the Colorado is no simple pleasure cruise; that whether the river is flowing twelve thousand second feet, as it was when one of the groups made the trip, or over one hundred thousand second feet, as it was when another group made it, the trip is potentially dangerous. No expedition down the river should ever be made without much advance planning, complete organization, adequate leadership, competent, experienced guide service, clearance with the local and national councils, and strict observance of all the health and safety rules which have been established.



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Leadership and the Needs of Youth

(Concluded from page 494)

Second, youth need a greater appreciation of their blessings. The youth of the Church need to count their blessings. We are somewhat like the world in that respect, particularly the world within the United States. We have so much, and we enjoy so much. Our standard of living is so high by comparison with the rest of the world; and we take our blessings for granted. Sometimes we do not appreciate our American way of life. Sometimes we find our young people critical of the American system and unfamiliar with its virtues. They have never known anything else. They do not realize what "freedom" and "liberty" mean. Help them to appreciate their blessings, and they will ever bless your name for so doing.

In the third place they need to understand that *wickedness never has been or never will be happiness*; that you cannot break the laws of God with impunity, that there are established in the heavens eternal laws that change not, and that happiness comes only through adjusting our lives in harmony with those laws. They need to know, also, that it pays in dollars and cents to live the good life. And if a young person is thinking only of his material advancement, he cannot afford not to live the standards of the Church. If youth would be happy, if they would succeed materially, if they would be exalted eternally, then they must live the good life, the standards and teachings of the Church.

And, last, they will always need *leaders who will win them, hold them, and inspire them*. We have heard much about surpluses in this country, but there is no surplus of leadership, of leaders who can win the youth of Zion and who can hold their interest and inspire them to live the good life.

God help us to measure up to the standards of the Church in our personal lives, that we may demand the inspiration of our Heavenly Father as we go forward to inspire the youth of the Church, and provide their needs. Then our Mutual Memories will ever be pleasant and happy ones.

"YE WHO ARE CALLED TO LABOR"

(Continued from page 499)

he asked. "You try. You no can make." Over and over he said, "Mormon medicine no hurt Agarapoots. You try. You see."

"You will make your own medicine," Jacob said, rising. "You make your own bad medicine. You wait. You see."

The next morning the little boy who had been playing with the ox-head the day before was very ill. Agarapoots called the medicine man, and for several days he did his charms and dances, but the child grew worse. Finally Agarapoots sent for Jacob. He was sure that Jacob had brought the sickness on; Jacob could cure it.

"Make medicine," Agarapoots said, pointing to the dying child. "Poogit!" This was the Indian word to describe the administration with oil.

Looking at the child, Jacob had no faith that it could live. But he told the father to have it washed first; before he did his medicine, the great Father wanted Indian children to be washed.

This was adding insult to injury. Agarapoots would do no such thing. Almost while they talked, the child died.

Angry and grief-stricken, Agarapoots burned his lodge and had all his followers burn theirs and move to the mountain. Tutsegavit and some of his men came to Jacob.

"Agarapoots mad," they told him. "He wants blood. He will kill our children. He say you kill his boy. Now he kill your boy. We are afraid. We do not want blood."

"I will go and talk with him," Jacob answered. "Will you come?"

"No! No!" Tutsegavit cried. "He kill you. He said he kill you. There are many warriors with him, and he is mad."

Jacob then asked the white men if any would care to go. When all the others hesitated, young Thales Haskell stepped forward.

"I guess I'm your man," he volunteered.

EARLY the next morning the two men set out for the Indian camp. As they rode horseback up the ridge, Maria and Rachel stood at the gates of the fort.

"I hate to see Thales go on this trip," Maria confessed. "I heard

one of the men say he would rather go into the den of a grizzly bear. What do you think, Aunt Rachel?"

"I don't think I am afraid, but I'll be glad to see them back," admitted Rachel. "Jacob says it is the only way to prevent bloodshed, the only way for our children to be safe. Unless something is done, Agarapoots will never rest until he has taken a life for the one he has lost."

"I know you are right, but I can't help worrying a little."

"Remember, it is our work, too," Rachel reminded her. "Our husbands were called to help civilize the Indians, and our job is as big as theirs—bigger. I sometimes think. The only way to cure worry is to keep so busy that you can't worry, and I've got plenty for one day."

That evening Rachel and Maria were again waiting outside the gates. Finally the men rode up, weary but with an air of cheerfulness. Jacob greeted his wife and went on to the corral to check on some of the work with Albert and Duane, so it remained for Thales to tell the women of their trip.

"Well, we rode along, single file, most of the way up. Brother Jacob didn't say anything, and I didn't know what he planned to do. When we got there, he went straight to Agarapoot's *wick-i-up* and walked in and said, 'I heard that you said you would kill me. I am here.' That sort of took the old chief back, and he mumbled something about being mad. He kept saying that Brother Hamblin killed his boy. No matter what we said, he wouldn't listen, so when we got up to leave, Brother Hamblin said that he had brought up food to eat with the Indians, but only the ones that were not mad could have any."

"You should have seen how they gathered around for the food. But Agarapoots did not come out of his *wick-i-up*. He looked sick to me. The others will all be friends."

That night Tutsegavit took Jacob aside.

"You make medicine to have Agarapoots die," he begged. "Him heap mean. Him want alle-time kill. You pray him dead."

It was useless to try to tell Tutsegavit that he could not pray Agarapoots to death, so firm was his conviction. So when Agarapoots sickened and died, it was impossible to

make the natives believe that Jacob had not killed him.

SOON an even greater problem presented itself. The water in the creek had dried up. During the night a small trickle sometimes came nearly to the fort before it lost itself in the sand, but during the day the women would have to walk several miles up the dry creek bed in search of a bucketful standing in some protected rock pockets. Even then they must have a gourd cup to dip it out with, for there would never be a place where they could fill a brass bucket with one dip. The rock dam stood in barren futility as if mocking their labor; the long, empty ditches seemed an outline of men's foolishness who would presume to settle in this desert.

Jacob had moved his sheep and cattle up to the Mountain Meadows for summer grazing, and now took Rachel and the children to live in the wagon box during the hot weather; others of the men had moved farther up the creek where they could get water.

When Jacob came back to the fort, he met Tutsegavit. The faithful chief had come with his grievances.

"What's-a matter?" he began. "Medicine man tell you *Tonaquint* (the Indian name for the creek) will die. You say No! No! Indian plant corn, Shanob send rain, you say. Indian plant corn. Now no rain. *Tonaquint* all dead. No water. How I feed my children in winter? My men say Jacob no talk straight. He got forked tongue, too. What you say?"

"Maybe rain will come," Jacob began.

"No. No rain this moon. I send my medicine man up to mountain to make cloud and get rain, but he say no rain this moon. Jacob pray to Mormon God. Mebbe he send rain."

"Don't worry," Jacob said. He did not dare promise that there would be water in the *Tonaquint*, but he did promise, "Your children will not starve."

"You pray for rain," Tutsegavit insisted. "You pray to Mormon God. Mormon God hear Jacob. You pray?"

Jacob looked about with a heavy heart. The dry leaves on the corn rattled; the wilted centers of the stalks drooped. The stems of the squash vines had collapsed, leaving

the leaves sprawling on the ground in discouraged abandon. In a mesquite tree a locust sang shrilly; a lizard scurried from the shelter of one bush to another, where it gingerly held one foot and another up from the burning sand.

His heart cried out against the injustice of it all. This crop which meant so much, the confidence and trust of the Indian friends who had worked with them—must they lose it all? They had come here to do God's will. "I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." How often Jacob had heard that repeated!

"I will pray," he told the chief. "I will ask God for rain."

As Jacob started back toward Pine Valley, he could see far up among the ledges the smoke of the medicine man, trying to make a cloud and bring rain.

"I was much wrought up in my feelings," he recorded in his journal. There is no doubt that he prayed earnestly, prayed to exhaustion. What happened is one of the things beyond explanation. Deep answered unto deep. In some very certain way Jacob knew that he was heard; from out of the Infinite he received the peace that passeth understanding. Buoyed up in spirit, he went on his way.

When he arrived at the camp, Rachel wondered at his cheerfulness.

"How are things at the fort?" she asked eagerly. "Has it rained?"

"Not yet, but it will. Don't ask me about it. Just wait and see."

The very next day a gentle rain began to fall. The creek was filled with water, ample for their needs. At once Tutsegavit and his band were warm in their praise of Jacob. Did he not bring this good rain? He made good medicine, quick.

That year their crops did well. Jacob's journal says that they had "the greatest production of the earth that I ever saw." Zadoc Judd, writing of the same year, told what an abundant harvest they had, how the squash vines climbed the cottonwood trees, and the squash hung like giant fruit from the branches, how the cotton yielded beyond belief. It seemed at last that their call was justified, that God had set the stamp of his approval upon their efforts. (To be concluded)

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Special MORNING MILK

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Concluded from page 489)

have spoken today, how proud I am of our young people.

Within the last month or two visitors have told me that they are amazed at the number of young people in our communities who can stand on their feet and express themselves in an interesting way. And that is one of the privileges of this great organization, to teach our boys and girls to have a command of language and of themselves and an understanding of the truth, and then, as opportunity offers, to share that truth with other people.

Today we have heard a remarkable address. Sister Ruth May Fox, while she is not the youngest one in our midst, does make a marvelous address, and you can all hear her, her voice is so clear. She always has something to say that is worth remembering. I wonder if you know that she is ninety-four and one-half years young. To have her stand up and address us in this great building so that we could all hear, I think is marvelous. She is always faithful; as soon as she is called upon to do something, she performs in a way so that we are all grateful to her and love her for it.

I think you would all like to know something of what she has been doing besides M.I.A. work, and I am going to tell you. She is the mother of twelve children, and has forty-two grandchildren, seventy great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren—a total of one hundred and twenty-eight. Just think of it! And yet she is standing here today like a young woman, her faculties operating perfectly. What an example she is to that marvelous posterity of hers that is coming on!

Sister Fox has surely set us an example. She began her activity in the Church at four years of age, and has been carrying on ever since, and today gave us an opportunity to join with her in this great Tabernacle in singing the hymn, "Carry On." That is good advice to any of us, not only in our Church affairs, but also in rearing our families and training them so that they will go to Church.

When he was upon the earth, the Savior advised his apostles, "Feed my sheep." He saw how important

it was that this should be done, but he did not stop there. He also said, "Feed my lambs." It is our opportunity to take these children, after they are twelve years of age, into M.I.A. and teach them the things that will enrich their lives and make them desire with all their hearts to carry on as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

We are just beginning a great conference. This will be remembered I am sure by all of us as long as we live. Think how privileged we are to come into this famous building, into the house of the Lord and enjoy the companionship of one another and then to listen to the program that has been outlined for the coming year. I want to take this opportunity to thank those who have worked so hard to make this possible, Sister Cannon, whom you have heard, and her counselors, and the general board of the Y. W. M. I. A., and the officers, not forgetting one especially who has been faithful all these years, one who has traveled all over the Church: I speak of Sister Clarissa Beesley, who has been one of the faithful members of the organization and who has always been ready to do the thing that was wanted. These sisters have always done teamwork. I cannot go down the line to others that I might mention, but I am speaking of those who have served so long. I thank them for the marvelous way that they have carried the program of the M.I.A. They have done what they have been asked to do, and now at this period of the history of the M.I.A., they have been released with honor because of the fine things they have done and the fact that others ought to begin to carry this responsibility instead of those who have been carrying it so long. I congratulate you that you had such a fine general board of Y.W.M.I.A. during the years that have passed. I hope that those who

are newly appointed and who will be sustained during the conference will be filled with confidence in their hearts that they can do just as well as those who preceded them, and I am sure they will.

This is the Lord's work, it is only one department of it, but it is his, and I feel as I think you must feel, that it is a privilege to be identified with an organization such as this, that is intended to develop the youth of Zion and encourage them so that they will grow up to be real men and real women—not make-believes—and that they will bring credit to our Heavenly Father to the end that, when we are through with our work here in mortality and go to the other side, he will welcome us because of what we have done; he will welcome us for feeding his lambs, as well as for our other accomplishments, for keeping ourselves as we ought to be, and being worthy of a place in the celestial kingdom; and then have him say to us, "Well done . . . thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matthew 25:21.)

I pray that this will be the experience of all of us. I hope that those who have come long distances to be here at this convention may be filled with joy as a result of their coming and that when the time comes to return they may do so in safety and carry with them that spirit of love and kindness and helpfulness, education, refinement, and culture that is a part of M.I.A. to the various cities and towns and villages and homes in which they live in the end that they may be instruments for blessing others as they have been blessed.

I pray that the Lord may bring peace to this land of ours and to the other nations. We have already been told that it will only come on the basis of righteousness. Let us be among those whose names will be recorded as righteous and be helpful in bringing that peace to the world. If we will do that, we will have happiness here in mortality and joy throughout the ages of eternity, and I pray that it may be so, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

BALM

By Dorothy Marie Davis

I LIKE the lulling summer sound
Of a lawn mower purring round and round
As turns grow shorter. With a rush
The last is done, and sprinklers gush
Then settle down to hum and hush.
These are sounds like a watchman's bell:
"Peace . . . peace! All is well!"

MULEK OF ZARAHLEMA

(Continued from page 507)

"If you will be so good as to state your problem."

MULEK explained that he was interested primarily in three things: his mother's affairs, his own property and its status under the law, and whether he himself stood in any likelihood of regaining his freedom. Cezoram studied a long time before replying. He had known something of Mulek's life, and what he knew did not reassure him.

"It is very difficult," he began.

"Please speak frankly. I am aware that my position is in the last degree precarious, but we shall not improve it by refusing to see it as it is."

"My hesitation arose not from fear of plain speech," the man of law answered, "but from unwillingness to speak without more knowledge. It will be necessary for me to re-examine the law on certain points before I can advise you."

"Please be so good as to do so as soon as possible." After the visitor had gone, Mulek went back to the window where he gave himself again wholly to musing. He knew that his interest in things was returning though he could not determine just what it was that had stimulated him. As he thought about the possible future, he was confused and uncertain. He was sure he would not go back to his old way of life even if he should have the opportunity. Just what he would do, he could not tell. His black melancholy was growing upon him, increased by uncertainty. He realized that he was going through a period of crisis, not political or social, but a spiritual, emotional one. Where it would lead him or what would come of it, he could not so much as guess. One day he had sunk into one of his spells of dejection, gloomy over his dreary prospects, when he became aware that there was talking in the passage outside his cell. He heard bustling and footsteps and knew someone was coming to see him. It had been long since he had seen anyone outside the routine of his dull existence! Who could it be?

There was a deferential knock with which the guards always an-

nounced their approach, and then the prisoner heard the rattling of keys and the grating of bars. The ponderous door swung slowly back. Two men stood in the dim passageway. One was Zeniff, the guard of the day; the other was Shiblon, the missionary and prophet!

MULEK's reception of the prophet

Shiblon, though it lacked little in courtesy, was anything but a warm one. He could hardly fail to remember his latest meeting with the missionary. Nor was he pleased to have Shiblon see his reduced circumstances so in contrast with his former magnificence.

His face grew hard at sight of the unexpected visitor, and he remained staring, so lost was he in memories and speculations.

"May I not enter?" Mulek shook himself out of his abstraction and apologized for his seeming rudeness. "There is no man living I had less expected to see," he said in explanation.

"That I can readily understand," the prophet replied, "but do not misunderstand my coming, nor misinterpret my motives, as I have feared thou mightest be likely to do. I have not come to mock nor to reproach thee, but to help thee if I can."

"Why, what can you do?" Mulek did not mind that he was short in his manner. "I lack nothing in the way of physical comforts that one in my place might hope to have. I seek no company. What is there else? Can you, perhaps, unsay the words you spoke when last we met?"

"Nay, Mulek, they were not my words—nor were they idle ones. I can no more recall them than thou canst retract thine own."

The prisoner turned irritably, and as he stood against the window, Shiblon marveled at the change in him. It was hard to believe that he was the same man! He was so tall and thin, so silent and thoughtful.

"Are words, then, of such great consequence?" Mulek asked.

"Yea, words are mighty to bless and to condemn, but thoughts and actions are far greater still."

"That I might well believe, but to what purpose? If we cannot call back the words, how hardly shall we

(Continued on page 536)

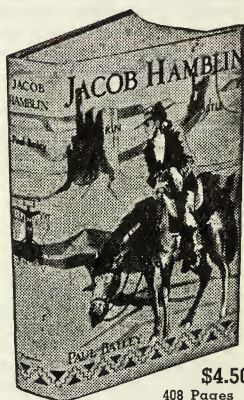


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MULEK OF ZARAHLEMA

(Continued from page 535)

make our performances of no effect?"

"Mulek, my friend, why dost thou shun me?" Shiblon leaned forward in his earnestness, lines of worry on his face. "None can be more sorry for thee than I am. I would give or do anything to help thee." No one could have resisted the man's sincere words and manner.

Mulek was shamed. "Forgive my fretfulness. It is only that I am bewildered and know not what to think or do."

"That I can well believe."

SHIBLON rose and laid his hands on

Mulek's arms, looking the man in the eyes. "Does not this very uncertainty cause thee to think upon that which is not transient, which does not result in bewilderment, but rather confidence? Is it that loss of station and wealth are mortal?"

"How can I say? I do not know the extent of my loss. A man may hang by a root; and if it sustains him, it is enough. When it no longer bears him up, a bridge is not adequate."

Shiblon could see that he was dispirited with a weariness not alone of the body, and, being a wise man, he decided to leave at once lest he stir the other unduly.

"I have much to do," he said. "I will leave thee something to read after I am gone. If at any time I can be of any service to thee, I shall hold thee but as a poor friend not to acquaint me with it."

"I thank you heartily."

"Good-bye. If I may, I shall call again."

"By all means do so."

After Shiblon's departure Mulek sat in deep study. He was all at once astounded at the realization that religion had meant nothing to him, that he had lived so long without having given it a serious thought. Was there after all something in all this talk about spiritual satisfaction? He was sure of one thing: he would not turn his back upon anything or anyone that could offer relief from his present gloom. He glanced at the book Shiblon had left, but he did not touch it.

THAT same day the lawyer Cezoram returned. He lost not a moment in preliminaries. He assured

Mulek that his mother's affairs were settled.

"Touching the matter of your property," he went on, "I have to advise that it is still technically yours. The disposition of it awaits the time of your trial. Meanwhile you are free to use such of it as is needed for your sustenance while you remain in confinement."

"Is there no indication as to when my case may be brought to trial?"

"None whatever. All are now much too busy for these matters. The very nation is now threatened, and universal needs must take precedence over personal considerations."

Mulek remained silent so long the visitor thought he must be forgotten.

"Do you think," he said at length, "there is any chance that the governor might pardon me and let me take an active part in the struggle for freedom?"

Though he was embarrassed, he faced his lawyer without flinching. Cezoram returned his look with equal directness. The other had not hesitated to bring the subject up; no more could he sidestep it. He smiled, though somewhat forbiddingly.

"Your record is not one to inspire confidence," he pointed out bluntly. "You overtly supported the rebel-

lion in one instance. It is strongly suspected that you were likewise active at another time in fomenting revolution. All this is the more grave in view of present conditions."

Mulek, flushed and saddened, moved about his cell.

"You are right, friend," he observed. "I can blame no one but myself. Nor is there any way in which I can give proof of my good intentions. O Cezoram, I do love this priceless land! If I cannot give my poor strength to its preservation, there is at least no reason why my resources may not be utilized for its security. Please do not deny me this. Go at once and make the necessary legal arrangements. All that I have I gladly give to my country, even if what I am is too poor an offering."

Cezoram, affected as he had not thought to be, weighed the proposal in silence, and turned to go.

"Never in my life," he declared, "have I seen a situation like this. It will demand careful study and reflection. I promise that I shall do all in my power to do as you have bidden me do. Is there anything else in which I can be of service?"

"Later, perhaps. You have been most kind," and Mulek turned back to the window.

(To be continued)

THE GENERAL BOARD OF THE Y.W.M.I.A.

(Continued from page 496)

she has served as a member of the Riverside Stake Sunday School board in charge of teacher training work. She has been assigned to serve on the Junior and Camping committees of the general board of the Y.W.M.I.A.. A graduate of the L.D.S. Business College, she served as secretary to Dr. Adam S. Bennion when he was superintendent of the Church schools, as secretary in the office of the Council of the Twelve, and is at present secretary in the office of the First Presidency.

CAROL H. CANNON has much experience in the various departments of the Mutual, both in a ward and in a stake capacity. She served as ward secretary, Junior leader, drama director, counselor, and president of a ward in Utah Stake; acted as secretary to the stake board of the same stake. She

is a graduate of the Normal Department of Brigham Young University. After her family moved to Salt Lake, she was Junior and Gleaner leader as well as president of the Liberty Stake Y.W.M.I.A. board. She was called to the general board in 1944, on which she has been chairman of the Junior committee, the committee which she will still head under her new appointment. She is the wife of Tracy Y. Cannon, director of the McCune School of Music and Art, whom she married in the Salt Lake Temple. She is at the present time secretary to the General Music Committee.

VIRGINIA F. CUTLER has had wide academic experience in Utah, California, and New York, receiving her B.S. degree from the U. of U., her Master's degree from Stanford, and her Ph.D. from Cornell, in addition to attending the Vassar

College Institute of Euthenics during two summers on an A.A.U.W. scholarship, awarded to her and her two sons. She was also awarded scholarships and fellowships for her work at the other universities she has attended. She married R. Garr Cutler in the Salt Lake Temple, who died two and a half years later. Dr. Cutler has taught home economics in Utah high schools and in California. She was a member of the staff of the University of California Agricultural Extension Service for six years and is at present head of the home economics department at the University of Utah. She has also been active in the Church, serving as Bee Keeper, chorister, and ward president, as stake Gleaner leader and in the stake presidency of the Y.W.M.I.A., and as class leader in the Sunday School. In Gridley Stake of California she served on the genealogical committee. She also assisted in California in founding branches of the Church in Chico and Colusa. Called to the general board in 1947, she has served on the Gleaner committee. Her new assignment is chairman of the Special Interest committee.

RUTH H. FUNK was graduated from the University of Utah with a major in music and was married the same year in the Salt Lake Temple to Marcus C. Funk, now a practising dentist in Salt Lake City. They are the parents of two daughters. She has been engaged in M.I.A. work almost continuously since 1936, in Salt Lake City, Chicago, and in Washington, D. C. She served in the presidency of the Chicago Stake, Y.W.M.I.A. She was made a member of the general board in August 1947, and served on the music and Junior committees. She has been appointed chairman of the music committee as her new assignment on Sister Reeder's board.

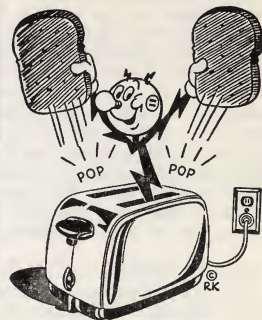
IRENE HAILES has come up all the way in the Mutual. She has served as ward and stake president as well as stake Gleaner supervisor. While in the service during the war years, she acted as branch president for the Y.W.M.I.A. in the Pasco, Washington branch, in an Oklahoma branch, and in the Livermore, California, branch. A graduate of the University of Utah, she is doing graduate work at Brigham Young

University, where she also teaches classes in religion. Formerly she taught in the elementary schools. She served for three years as a W.A.V.E. in the U.S. Navy and assisted the British War Relief during World War II. She was called to the general board in 1947 and served on the Bee Hive, Camps, and Speech committees. She has been appointed to serve on the Bee Hive and Camps committees by Sister Reeder.

GLADYS E. HARBERTSON of Ogden, Utah, obtained her education in the schools of Ogden and was graduated from Weber Academy, doing special work at the Utah State Agricultural College and at the University of Utah, Salt Lake City. She taught home economics at Weber Academy for four years. Her Church work has been in the Sunday School, Y.W.M.I.A., and Relief Society, both in a ward and a stake capacity. She was married to James M. Harbertson in the Salt Lake Temple. They have two daughters. She has served as stake president of the Y.W.M.I.A. boards of the Weber and the Mount Ogden stakes during which time the purchase was made of Camp Lamondi, a summer home for girls at North Fork Canyon, where thousands of Mutual girls have enjoyed a happy summer experience. Called to the general board in December 1937, Sister Harbertson has served on the Adult, Junior, Bee Hive, Camp, and Dance committees. She will serve under Sister Reeder as the chairman of the Bee Hive and Camps committees.

MARBA C. JOSEPHSON is a graduate of the University of Utah and has done graduate work both at that institution and at the University of California. She began her Church work at the age of twelve when she started teaching in Religion Class. Since that time she has been active in the Church, serving on the stake boards of Sunday School, Religion Class, and Primary, and teaching in the various departments of the Mutual and Sunday School. Married to Newel F. Josephson (now deceased) in the Salt Lake Temple, she is the mother of five children, four sons and one daughter. She engaged in teaching in high school and university until 1935 when she

(Concluded on page 538)



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THE GENERAL BOARD OF THE Y.W.M.I.A.

(Concluded from page 537)

was appointed associate editor of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, a position she now holds. Called to the general board in 1935, she served as a member and later chairman of the Junior committee, chairman of the Special Interest committee at the time that department was instituted in the Mutual, and chairman of the recreation committee and on the drama committee. Her new assignment is chairman of the speech committee.

JEANNETTE MORRELL of Ogden, Utah, completed her secondary school education in Ogden, after which she studied music and German in Berlin, Germany, for one year. She then attended Weber College and was graduated from the University of Utah, obtaining both her Bachelor's and her Master's degrees. She has taught French, English, and German in Ogden, and is now teaching German at Weber College. She served as translator of German and French for the F.B.I. at Washington, D.C. Always interested in dramatics, she played the lead in a civic one-act tournament with the F.B.I. entry which won first place as well as a medal for the best individual performance for Sister Morrell. She also played the lead in the centennial play, *The Pride of the Market*, and has been active in the summer theater movement in Ogden.

Her Church activity has centered in the Sunday School and Mutual. She served on the Sunday School stake board of the Mount Ogden Stake for three years and taught Sunday School and Mutual in Washington, D. C. She also served as Gleaner leader in her own ward. She has been named chairman of the drama committee.

GLADYS D. WIGHT of Ogden, Utah, was graduated from Snow Normal College and engaged in teaching in her birthplace, Wales, Utah, until her marriage in the Manti Temple to Reed J. Wight, now a member of the Mount Ogden Stake High Council. They are the parents of two children, a son and a daughter. She began her Church activity as a teacher in the Y.W.M.I.A. in her home ward and taught in the same organization both in Los Angeles and in Ogden. Later she

served as Gleaner leader for ten years on the Mount Ogden stake board, from which position she was called into the presidency of the same stake as activity counselor where she served for four years. She has worked in the Primary and the Relief Society in Ogden also. She has been assigned to the Gleaner committee of the general board.

SARA D. YATES has served for twenty-one consecutive years in the Y.W.M.I.A. Twenty years as assistant to her husband, C. Vern Yates, as ward, stake, and district dance instructor. In addition to this assignment she has been Junior and Gleaner leader, as well as president of the Gleaners, ward president for four years, and stake president of the Twin Falls Stake for six years. When she moved to Salt Lake in 1947, she was released from the

latter position and within three months was called to the general board. In 1945, she took a year's leave of absence in New York to study not only dancing but also correct posture, comportment, and personality development. At present she manages a ready-to-wear store, a field in which she has spent fifteen years. Brother and Sister Yates have one son. She has been designated chairman of the dance committee on the general board.

These members of the general board all have strong testimonies of the divinity of the gospel and are eager to do their part in helping promote the gospel cause among the young women of the Church. The Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association should progress under their wise, prayerful leadership.

WHY KEEP THE SABBATH DAY HOLY?

(Concluded from page 497)

wards I can reread that passage of scripture that lingered in my mind or look further into the subject studied in class. If it weren't for the Sabbath, I doubt if I should ever find time for this necessary and interesting study.

I look forward to the Sabbath as a day when I can enjoy the companionship of those whom I love. Often during the busy week we do not take the time to be to each other the things that members of a family should be, but when Sunday comes, there is the time and opportunity to talk with one another, discuss our plans and dreams, and strengthen each other with encouragement and enthusiasm.

The Sabbath is, above all things, a day of rest. Sometimes when I am discouraged it seems that time stretches out—an eternity of work and monotony—but if I merely think of Sunday, new hope and strength come. The Sabbath shines invitingly ahead, arrayed in the guiding truths of the gospel, beckoning on to the reward that can be reached through them.

Service is one of the most important things in our lives. In it lies the key to true happiness. Sunday is one of the richest providers of service that can be found anywhere.

Christ said, "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath." And so I think of Sunday as a day to do things for other people even as Christ did, a day when I can reply to those who say, "Will you?" "Yes! gladly!"

Most important of all, Sunday provides an opportunity to honor God's priesthood. As a teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood, I have learned, partly, the magnitude and beauty of the priesthood's power, and it is my desire to honor the priesthood which I hold, to grow and develop in it, to magnify it and thus be endowed with greater responsibility, greater trust, and greater power until I hold the keys of an elder and the power to administer unto a family which, someday, I hope and pray, may be my blessing.

Why then do I want to keep the Sabbath? Because of the rich associations it affords with friends and family, the spiritual inspiration that the day's experiences bring, and the great opportunity for learning which it provides; because it is a day of service, and a day when God's priesthood can be honored and magnified, because the Sabbath, kept, is a wonderful oasis in life's desert.

That I might continue in faith, always keep the Sabbath day holy, and live in worthiness of the blessings it brings is my humble prayer.

Why Keep the Sabbath Day Holy?

(Concluded from page 497)

Another small band of people, fighting for religious freedom, was able to possess the wealthiest land on the earth—was able under the inspiration of God, to write documents—the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States of America, documents that helped form American democracy, a government envied by men, rulers, nations all over the world. These humble people who formed our American democracy remembered the Lord's day. They kept it holy! Why shouldn't I? Because of them I am able to live under the stars and stripes—a flag that each time it waves spells freedom! But I have to do my part, too, to insure that freedom. I, too, must keep the Lord's commandments, and by living the Lord's commandments set an example for others to follow. How can I expect my younger brothers and sister to "live the Sabbath" if I fail? What right have I to hope and pray that some day I may become a mother, like my own, teaching my children the Lord's commandment if I now heed it not?

My question had been answered: By living the Sabbath, my life will be that much richer, and I will accomplish more by taking the better path—following the Lord's commandments, and more important—"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy" is a commandment of God. Therefore, it is right!

May we always have the courage to say, "No" against wrong observance of the Sabbath is my prayer.

A FAMILY SONG

By Maurine Jacobs

THE sky's ablaze with stars tonight.
(Have I made John's bed just right?)
The sleepy birds have gone to rest.
(What sandwiches does Ruth like best?)
The quiet garden soothes my nerves,
(Is it time yet for plum preserves?)
The leaves sing out with every breeze.
(Oh, dear, did I hear Baby sneeze?)
The coolness has begun to clear my head.
"Yes, John, I'm coming in to bed."

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FAITH IS A SHORT CUT

(Continued from page 505)

excellent position waiting for her and felt that she could not afford to delay her graduation. Because the mistake had been in the office, the college gave her the privilege of taking the language course in seminar fashion and crowding what normally would have been two quarters work into about six weeks—if she could “make it.” She made it.

“How?” I asked. I knew that the work had been added to an already heavy program. I also knew several students who had “crammed” get-

ting little or no sleep for many nights, often with disastrous results.

Nora said she had slept. “Not, perhaps, quite as much as usual but nearly. I did not feel that I wanted to risk a weary mind and body at this time. But I worked hard and prayed hard. I asked for a retentive mind and the power to concentrate, and I received both.” Here was spiritual efficiency.

In order for Bert to go to college he worked part time on a magazine, and inevitably page proof or galley proofs would come the night before an examination—and had to be read.

Here's what he said: “The hours would sometimes slip by at my desk, and I would pick up my study notes much later than I intended. I would read my study notes once. Then on rereading them certain parts would stand out just as if they had been written in darker ink. Invariably I would discover the next morning that the material so marked the night before—the material I had been impressed to study, was the basis for the examination.”

When I added up these experiences and others I had known, it all sounded so simple that I wondered why anything ever goes wrong for any of us. I wondered why we couldn't—every time we found ourselves in a bad situation—just move easily and quickly out, by faith.

As I wondered, it seemed to me there were three things to remember in building powerful and effective faith: first, that you have to feel worthy; second, that you have to feel that the need is great—far beyond your own immediate powers to fill; and third, that you must be willing to accept whatever answer or help is given you even if it isn't exactly what you had in mind—even if it isn't easy or simple or apparently satisfactory.

Sometimes it's hard to feel worthy. We say we'll do “our best,” but few of us, if any, really do. We get ourselves into difficulties of our own making because we have been careless or lazy—if not worse. And we ask to be extricated when we know we don't merit this rescue. And this feeling of unworthiness sometimes defeats the exercise of faith.

And yet, we cannot always be too sure. We cannot always judge ourselves any more satisfactorily than we can judge others. Sometimes, to our surprise, we learn of our Father's great mercy and tenderness to all of his children by his not-too-deserved kindness to ourselves. And this mercy encourages us to try continuously to be worthy. And this trying builds faith. Fasting strengthens faith in many ways, and one of its most important ways is by increasing our sense of worthiness.

Then, too, occasions rarely arise when we cannot do a great deal for ourselves. Anne and Jim and Nora had all pretty much reached the extremities of their own powers

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when they asked for exceptional help. Great need builds faith.

Then, finally, few of us are willing to accept our Heavenly Father's solution without question. Anne put her own life and that of her child in the hands of her Heavenly Father. She didn't ask him to save them. She just asked him to take over.

Jim didn't say, "provide an automobile" or "find me a plane." He said, "please get me home."

And Nora didn't pray that she would be able to understand things she had not studied. She just said, "help me to concentrate and to recall."

It's well to remember these things when we're seeking this type of spiritual efficiency.

But there's another thing, too—a very human, down-to-earth factor. Efficiency in any form calls for incentive, for drive, for desire. Well do I remember the time I tried to teach my sister a quick way to do dishes. It was a method of clearing and stacking and scrubbing and scalding that I had worked out in the most minute details. It was wonderful. I could cut dishwashing time in half and do a better job. I had to work, of course, but it was marvelous to salvage those extra minutes for piano practice, for reading a good book, or for putting a new ribbon on an old hat. Alice wasn't interested. Over our sink was a window, and out of the window was a view. In the spring, dandelions grew like a thick yellow carpet over that vacant lot and on certain wintry days slow snow fell on the silent trees, and little birds chirped for stray crumbs. Alice liked to watch all of this, and she didn't care how long the dishes took—within reason.

"Anyway," she explained. "If I'm quick about the dishes, I'll just get drafted for some other work."

And I admit guiltily that I don't like the thought of being efficient all of the time myself. Some very bright people have developed methods of reading that speed you over the printed page. You can get the gist of a paragraph in the flicker of an eye. It's fine for skimming over some magazines and books. But sometimes I like to read slowly. I want more than the kernel of thought or the outline of plot. I want to enjoy the apt phrase, or the graphic word, or the poetic cadence.

Even in spiritual matters I sometimes like to limber my own dull spirit and do things slowly—to let a moment's doubt push me to real study, to discover a few things by long and hard search, to ponder principles and test them in everyday life. Only—I want the spirit of my Heavenly Father to help me! I don't want to be bogged down in temptation, robbed of courage or strength or joy, sidetracked or detoured or labyrinthine. I want life as nearly right as it can be. And that's where faith does its greatest work because, as I see it, faith is the

final and supreme efficiency to end all lesser efficiencies. It helps us to go slowly or rapidly according to the need of the moment. It keeps us alert to shifts, and variations, and subterfuges. It makes us wary of too much worldly wisdom and sensitive to divine wisdom. It makes us equal to life—both as recipient and giver. It is both hunger and satisfaction. Faith finds expression in prayer and in the acceptance of its answer. Faith is a sublime short cut when a short cut is needed, but it is also, at times, a long yet happy way round.

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(Concluded from page 519)

should feel embarrassed by going to them. Their percentage of permanent "cures" is very much larger than that attained by other methods, going beyond seventy-five percent. Due to the work of these groups during the last dozen years, about sixty thousand "drunks" have been recovered from the gutter—a remarkable record. And this is largely due to the very remarkable and highly commendable sacrificing services, given without charge, of former alcoholics who find their greatest joy in this work of recovery.

... Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. (Matt. 25:40.)

Danger Signals

By an Alcoholic, W. W. Whitney

I AM an alcoholic who ran the entire race of alcoholism which would have ended in stark tragedy had it not been for my introduction to Alcoholics Anonymous.

As I look back to my drinking days, I can trace the usual pattern of the alcoholic from young manhood right down through years of frustration, bewilderment, heartaches, and tears. As a young man, I believe I started drinking as the result of an inferiority complex. I was a little timid and meek and lacked the ability to be at ease in company. Often we refer in jest to the story of an alcoholic who said to another: "Let's get a bottle and be somebody," as an explanation of this type of alcoholic. It seems I had to have this "crutch" in order to get along, especially with girls.

I remember how I used to think there was no good time possible without some drinks and I also remember how we thought we were having a wonderful time when we tried to out-drink each other. Saturday night without a big time was unheard of, and the habit continued for several years during which the glamor of drink was at its height. It was the thing to do, the smart thing to do. Without realization, this habit of drinking was insidiously creeping upon me until I finally knew in my heart I was without the power to control it. Drinking lost its fun and I developed into a morbid, solitary drinker, hiding bottles where I could sneak away and drink them alone.

I did not want to do the things I did and it broke my heart to see the misery, the heartaches, and the tears I was causing my family and friends. I tried with all my heart to change my ways and at times really stopped drinking for considerable periods of time. That was forced abstinence and sheer will power, but the damage had been done, and I was a slave to this habit and while abstaining, there was always that reservation in the back of my mind that some day I would master this thing and be able to drink as others did. There was that desire that almost amounted to ambition to become a social drinker, because I thought that was really living.

But always like a black cloud on my horizon was that ever-present evil of alcohol ready to knock me down and start another chapter of failure and degradation. For some reason that was beyond me this was as inevitable as day and night. I thought it was weak-

ness and that I had no will power nor decency about me. There comes a time in this kind of life when the one involved believes he is no good and that is the tragedy of it all because in this belief there is no comfort, mental, or physical, except resorting to the bottle. Time marched on, but not for me. I went backward and instead of keeping up and on the job I was steadily sinking lower and lower into the abyss, into the chasm of despair and utter desolation. I have known the hopelessness of the man who is branded, shunned, sneered at, ridiculed, and avoided. I have known the shame of my little boy's playmates teasing him and telling him his father was a drunkard. I have known the helplessness of having not one friend in the whole world (except my wife) and of being jailed and pushed around.

Why don't you quit? Why don't you drink like others do? Why can't you be a man? Oh, how weak I was! How spineless and cowardly, but I couldn't—I couldn't stop it. I guess I don't belong here or fit anywhere. I guess I am entirely in the way. What is the use? Oblivion, the only rest I could have! I had run my race and lost. I would get out of the way because that was the only thing to do. And I tried to end my life. But due to the prompt, heroic service of my devoted wife, I did not succeed. It took seven pints of blood plasma to give me back my life. But God alone knows why my life was spared. Through his help and the services of Alcoholics Anonymous, I overcame my drinking and am doing all in my power to warn the youth and help the alcoholic to abstain.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Continued from page 513)

sessed of powers that go with personality only, hence that entity is "he," not "it"—he is eternal as God is; co-existent, in fact, with God; of the same kind of substance or essence with deity, though confessedly inferior in degree of intelligence and power to God. One must needs think that the name of this eternal entity—what God calls him—conveys to the mind some idea of his nature. He is called an "intelligence"; and this I believe is descriptive of him. . . . the entity must be "self-conscious" and "others-conscious," that is, he must have the power to distinguish himself from other things—the "me" from the "not me." He must have the power of deliberation, by which he sets over one thing against another; with power also to form a judgment that this or that is a better thing or state than this or that. Also there goes with this idea of intelligence a power of choosing one thing instead of another, one state rather than another.

These powers are inseparably connected with any idea that may be formed as an intelligence. One cannot conceive of intelligence existing without these qualities any more than he can conceive of any object existing in space without dimensions. The phrase "the light of truth" is given in one of the revelations as the equivalent for an "intelligence" here discussed; by which is meant to be understood, as I think, that intelligent entities perceive the truth, are conscious of the truth, they know that which is, hence "the light of truth," "intelligence." Let it be observed that I say nothing as to the mode of the existence of these intelligences, beyond the fact of their eternity. But of their form, or the manner of their subsistence nothing, so far as I know, has been revealed, and hence we are without means of knowing anything about the modes of their existence beyond the fact of it, and

the essential qualities they possess, which already have been pointed out.

Under this concept, the eternal ego of man was, in some past age of the other world, dim to us, clothed with a spiritual body. That was man's spiritual birth and his entrance into the spiritual world. Then later, on earth, if permitted to go there, he will receive a material body. As a result, after the resurrection he will be master of the things of the spiritual and the material universes, and in that manner approach the likeness of God.

This view of the nature of man is a widespread belief among Latter-day Saints. The term an *intelli-*

¹⁰B. H. Roberts, *The Seventy's Course in Theology*, second year, 1908, pp. 8-9

gence is then applied to the eternal ego of man existing even before the spiritual creation.

In reading Latter-day Saint literature, the two-fold sense in which the terms *an intelligence* or *intelligences* are used—applied to spiritual personages or to pre-spiritual entities—must be carefully kept in mind.

—J. A. W.

Brigham Young said:

I WILL tell you how long we shall stay here. If we live our religion, we shall stay here in these mountains forever and forever, worlds without end, and a portion of the priesthood will go and redeem and build up the center stake of Zion.—*Journal of Discourses*, XI:16.

This Month With

CHURCH PUBLICATIONS

The Relief Society Magazine . . .

THE August issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* features suggestions and methods of storing food, including articles by Elder Mark B. Garff of the Church welfare committee, Velma N. Simonson, second counselor in the general presidency of the Relief Society, and Esther Clark Naylor. A very unusual and entertaining short story, "Aunt Millennium," presents again the gifted young writer Deone R. Sutherland. A three-part story, "The Russells Did Not Go to Church," introduces a young English author of promise, Edith Russell, now a student at Brigham Young University. The serial *Questing Lights* by Belle Watson Anderson is continued. The usual excellent poetry is featured, and the frontispiece poem written by Beatrice Knowlton Ekman. The magazine also contains the lesson materials for November and a seasonal household article, "Heat Waves and Salad Days," which gives recipes and suggestions for summer entertainment.

The Children's Friend . . .

THE *Children's Friend* for August has plenty of good reading for the last days of summer before schoolbooks must be opened again. "Boy of the Border" by Ted McDonald, "Circus," by Rowena Cheney and Bette Hollis, "Perotti's Pups" by Jane Botsford, and "Boys and Girls of Other Lands" by Norman C. Schlichter sound just about right for a lazy afternoon on the back lawn or up the canyon. But

there are many other stories and articles as well as things to do that will whet the young folk's appetites for more and better activity as the Primary would do it. The special feature for parents is a timely article by Elder Ezra Taft Benson titled "The Family Hour." Special mission, neighborhood, and home Primary lessons for October are also included, together with helps for officers and teachers.

The Instructor . . .

THE August issue of *The Instructor*, has a wealth of material in it that will enrich the Church now as it goes into the homes, and later as it is used by Sunday School teachers in the preparation of lessons in October.

Among the interesting articles appearing in this issue are "Gandhi—Man of Peace," a tribute to the recently martyred Asiatic leader; "The Menace of Movies," a letter to the editor by Nephi Jensen, former Salt Lake City judge; and "Assisting the Teacher Through Personal Contacts," by Ruth J. Devereaux.

An additional instalment of Lowell L. Bennion's "The Book of Mormon—A Guide to Religious Living" is given, as is "Latter-day Saint Colonization in Mexico," by Thomas C. Romney, and "Latter-day Saint Settlement in Canada," by C. Frank Steele, and "My Journal," the abridged journal of George A. Smith. The thought-provoking editorial by Superintendent Milton Bennion is entitled "The Superiority Complex."

MINER MIKE says:

"Ground will soon be broken for the new Kennecott Copper Corporation's new copper refinery near Garfield. Its completion is recognized as the most far reaching industrial development in Utah since the discovery of minerals."



METAL MINING INDUSTRY OF UTAH

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Your Page AND OURS

Jama, Japan

Dear Brethren:

I AM writing this letter to inform you of my change of address here in Japan. For some reason, when I was suddenly moved I overlooked that duty and didn't remember until yesterday when I received my transferred May issue. So I want to let you know right away because I dislike having to wait even an extra day or so before getting my copy. I hungrily devour every word contained therein because I know that it is the word of the Lord and contains the current news of Church happenings. It is more than word from home, it is the law.

Once I get a new issue I have to hurry to finish it because there is a big demand for borrowing.

Thankfully and sincerely,
Ross R. Allen

June 17, 1948

Dear Ear Staff:

I STARTED reading THE IMPROVEMENT ERA when just a kid investigator down Argentina way, issues borrowed from pre-war missionaries. The whole magazine impressed me to such an extent that I decided to keep reading it as long as possible. Now I fully realize what a sound basis it's given me on matters relating to the right path to follow in this singular modern world of ours, and has so strongly fed up and dotted my doctrinal knowledge, that it'd be a hard job to deny its humble everyday influential release.

Yours truly,

Marcelo A. Zavala

Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Editors:

MY father-in-law recently presented me with a subscription to THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. He must have known he was presenting me with a precious gem—for that is just how I regard it. The articles contained in it are a rich storehouse of truth and knowledge that are aiding me in my study to become a Latter-day Saint. In this, I feel quite confident that I am making a good and a wise choice.

I daily thank my Heavenly Father for directing me to this glorious western state, chiefly because it has led me to a true knowledge of this, the Latter-day Saint Church, and its teachings.

May God continue to bless you in the publication of this splendid magazine. I hope never to be without it.

Very truly yours,
Lois Shurtliff Mitchell

Sequoia District Youth Conference, Northern California Mission

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY young people, representing the various branches of the Sequoia District of the Northern California Mission went home with renewed enthusiasm and a more sincere desire to be better members of the Church of



ADDRESSES OF L.D.S. SERVICEMEN'S HOMES

1104 24th St., Cor. 24th & "C," San Diego, Calif.
1836 Alice St., Oakland, Calif.
615 "F" St., Marysville, Calif.
1594 So. Beretania St., Honolulu, T.H.

Naval Station Services

L. D. S. servicemen are asked to note the following information:

"L. D. S. services are held each Friday at 8 p.m. in Frazier Hall, 245 West 28th St., Norfolk Naval Station, Norfolk, Virginia."

The Right Slant

One day, a man was walking across a vacant lot where some boys were playing baseball. He passed near the spot occupied by the left fielder. A little fellow stood there pounding his glove waiting for the ball to come his way.

"Who's winning, Son?" asked the man.

"They're ahead of us," replied the boy with a broad grin.

"What's the score?"

"They've got us seventeen to nothing."

"Aren't you disappointed because they're beating you so badly?"

"No, we ain't been up to bat yet."

This little fellow had what it takes to succeed in life, persistence and fortitude. Things may have looked discouraging, but he didn't quit.—Worral G. Sonastine, from *Your Life*, July.

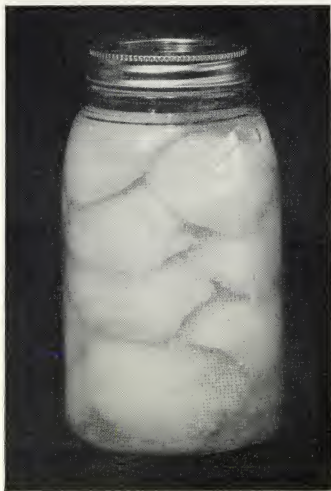
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Quaker Psychology

A gentle Quaker, hearing a strange noise in his house one night, got up and discovered a burglar busily at work. He went and got his gun, then came back, and stood quietly in the doorway.

"Friend," he said, "I would do thee no harm for the world, but thee standest where I am about to shoot."—The Kellogg Messenger.

SYMBOL



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